

The Outlook

AUGUST 8, 1917

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Mr. Mason's staff correspondence from Russia in this issue of *The Outlook*, under the title "To Fight or Not to Fight," will be followed next week by further correspondence from him under the title "Russia Upside Down."

Both the article printed in this issue and the one which will appear next week were written of course before the terrible reversals which our Russian allies suffered in July. It is necessary that the reader of both these articles should realize that fact. By so doing he will understand more clearly the extraordinary accuracy with which Mr. Mason has forecast the intervening events. Mr. Mason's articles truthfully interpret events which have occurred since the interpretation was written. His Russian correspondence published this week bears the date line of Petrograd, June 20. We believe that our readers will find the succeeding article characterized by the same remarkable insight displayed in Mr. Mason's "To Fight or Not to Fight."

It is because Mr. Mason believes in the Russians and likes the Russian character that he can speak frankly of the defects and weaknesses that have appeared at this time. We believe that his frankness in criticism will increase, rather than decrease, American desire for co-operation with our Russian allies.

It is interesting to record the fact that as we go to press a despatch is printed concerning Mrs. Mason, who has been in Russia with her husband. It describes an attempt to wreck or burn the train on which Elihu Root, the head of the American Mission to Russia, was traveling. It is stated that a bridge was destroyed, and that while repairs to the bridge were being made a station and storehouse were also set on fire, three trains were burned, and the train carrying Mr. Root threatened. The despatch adds: "Mrs. Gregory Mason, of New York, declared that after the storehouse and coaches caught fire blazing cars were pushed down the tracks to the windward of the Root train so that the breeze carried the flames directly against the train the American Mission occupied." The American Mission, the despatch informs us, escaped injury.—THE EDITORS.

THE WEEK

OUR ALLIES' SUCCESS IN FLANDERS

While the folly of the pacifist agitation in Russia has been bearing its fruit in the demoralization and defeat of Russian troops in Galicia, to the peril of the whole Russian situation and the temporary elimination of Russia as a formidable factor in the war, the guns of the Allies have been raining shells upon the German trenches in Flanders. When artillery becomes active on a great scale, it is a practically certain sign of a forthcoming offensive movement—an attempt to drive the enemy back. The rain of shells from the big guns of the French and British and Belgians was so constant for a week that the Germans knew very well that some kind of plan was in preparation. On July 31 the infantry took their turn, and on a front of twenty miles and more left their trenches and started forward for the German lines. These they found demolished by the gun-fire that for days had preceded them. They encountered no great resistance at first because in the lines they first reached there were few Germans to make resistance. It is reported that not only did the Germans lose heavily in dead and wounded, but that the number of German captives alone—some five thousand—exceeded the total casualties of the French and British troops.

It is somewhat surprising to read of French troops between the British and the Belgians. It has not generally been known that there were any French troops in that part of the line.

As the Allied soldiers advanced, a curtain of artillery fire went on ahead of them, cutting off retreat for the Germans that had survived, and preventing any reinforcements reaching them.

ATTACKING THE GERMAN FLANK

As in the case of the Russian disaster, so in this achievement of the Allies the amount of territory which changed hands is not of itself of primary significance. The object of such warfare as is occurring in Europe is not to seize territory, but to defeat the enemy. It is to be constantly remembered that on the western front the warfare is a colossal siege. What the Allies are

trying to do is to wear out the besieged, capture their defenses, and ultimately, if possible, to destroy their fighting power. To break down the defenses in the center or any part of the line is almost impossible. The Germans attempted to do that with the French at Verdun and failed. The Allies attempted it at the Somme with a greater measure of success but without a final and decisive victory. What is significant in this drive in Flanders is that it takes place on the German flank. In most cases in warfare victory is won by a flank attack, for it is on the flank that resistance is most difficult. The German right flank in Europe rests upon the sea. It is obvious that a flank attack might be undertaken by joint action of the land forces and of the Allied navies.

A former Confederate private soldier, Mr. N. B. Johnston, of Dublin, Virginia, who has evidently a vivid recollection of the strategy of the Civil War, reminds us in a letter that Lee's chief military maneuver was always an attempt to turn his enemy's flank, and so long as he had the assistance of Stonewall Jackson he was successful. Mr. Johnston writes:

Grant, adopting similar tactics, forced Lee into the lines at Petersburg, from which he could not drive him, until, returning to his former methods, he turned the right flank of the Confederates, forcing them into the disastrous defeat at Appomattox.

Mr. Johnston inquires whether or not the strategy of the Civil War is applicable to the present situation in Europe. Many military authorities have held that the proposal to turn the German flank was not feasible, and that the only path to victory was to be found through the wearing down of German morale and German material resources. Present events suggest the thought that perhaps the strategy of Grant and Lee may yet play a part in the warfare on the western front.

WHAT THIS FLANK ATTACK MAY MEAN

So far as the news of this drive in Flanders informs us, the present attack has been confined to land forces. Enough, however, has been gained to indicate that the German right flank has

been somewhat weakened. If it has been weakened seriously, then, of course, the entire German line in Belgium and France has been put in danger. What makes this attack the more significant is that it is directed toward that part of the Belgian coast in which the Germans maintain their chief North Sea bases for the operation of their submarines. Thus a real success here would be of enormous significance, for it would reduce Germany's power both on land and on sea. Whether this attack will develop into something more or will subside, as other attacks have subsided, will probably be definitely known before these words are read.

In any case, however, it is an encouraging answer to the recent German success on the Yser Canal and an encouraging sign of strength following the Russian disaster in Galicia.

We must not forget for a moment that the lines in Russia and the lines in Flanders are our lines. They are just as truly our lines as if the half-million men who are now undergoing the process of selection had already been given their uniforms and their arms and been trained and placed in the trenches at the front. Last week the story of what was happening in our lines was rather depressing. This week it is much more cheerful. There will be changes from cheer to depression and from depression to cheer many times before our armies become really effective. It is the business of our people and our Government in the meantime to keep steadily and with as great speed as possible at the task of making good our words.

ITALY AND ALBANIA

The Italian Cabinet has just escaped disaster. Three Ministers resigned because they learned that Italy had proclaimed a protectorate over Albania without the previous consent of the entire Cabinet. The King hurried from the front to Rome and persuaded the three Ministers to return to the Cabinet. But the incident was too favorable an opportunity for the adversaries of Signor Sonnino, the Foreign Minister, not to renew their reproaches directed towards him because, as they alleged, he was practicing secret diplomacy and exercising a practical dictatorship. The result was that all the Ministers put their portfolios at the disposition of Premier Boselli. Despite his seventy-nine years, the Prime Minister managed the situation so well that, with a change of the Ministers of War and of the Navy, he brought about an accord, and the newly transformed Ministry presented itself before the Chamber of Deputies, which, by 361 to 63 votes, gave it a vote of confidence.

Aside from Italy's desire to take a part in a war for democracy, she wants two things: first, a military frontier reasonably safe against a sudden Austrian attack, and second, safe passage for her vessels in the Adriatic.

The military frontier which Italian military authorities desire for security might be called a hydrographic frontier—that is to say, the northern line would lie along the Alpine ridge as it is crossed by the Brenner Pass. From this ridge rivers flow northward to the Danube and southward to the Adriatic. The Alpine line would follow the main line of the mountains from west to east, and then that curved line along the Carnic, Julian, and Dinaric Alps which bounds to the north and east the Venetian province of Friuli, the Austrian crown land of Gorizia, the region of Trieste, Istria, and Dalmatia to the Montenegrin frontier, a region unmistakably separated by these Alps from the geographic and oro-hydrographic system, proper to the Balkan Peninsula, as it is determined by the River Vardar flowing from north to south into the Ægean Sea. Such a frontier, however, would encompass some non-Italian-speaking peoples—those north of the Trentino, for example, and the Dalmatians.

The other object, safe passage for Italian ships in the Adriatic, is obstructed by the strategic advantages of Austria. No matter where an Austrian ship may be in the Adriatic, she can always find shelter by steaming a few miles and reaching one of the numerous ports on the high-lying eastern shore. On the other hand, Italian vessels can find ample ports on the low-lying western shore only at Venice or Brindisi. To oppose these there are the superb harbors, on the Austrian side, of Trieste, Fiume, Pola, and the Dalmatian ports,

while the long line of islands also gives excellent shelter for large fleets.

This disadvantage led Italy, early in the war, to seize the port of Avlona, opposite Brindisi. Avlona is the best port in Albania, and its possession is of more value in making the Adriatic an Italian lake than would be the possession of all the rest of Albania. Of course a large part of Italy's motive in seizing Avlona was her desire to bring aid to Serbia. And it did bring aid. Albania, with no stable government of her own, cannot claim the consideration due to a highly organized country.

The Balkan Conference which has just taken place at Paris had among the questions before it the question of the Italian claims upon the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Italy's claim to Gorizia, Trieste, and Istria is founded on the fact that they are largely inhabited by an Italian-speaking population. This is also true of the islands to the south. But it is not so true of the Dalmatian coast, despite its long control by Venice.

Thus, in its extreme form, Italia Irredenta means to many not only the region to the north and east of Italy inhabited by Italian-speaking peoples, but some further territory requisite for the defense of this region.

SHOCKS TO SWISS NEUTRALITY

Except for her army mobilization and its continued maintenance, and except for the lack of foreign visitors and the consequent lack of the large sums they annually spend, and except for the difficulty of getting supplies from other countries, most people think Switzerland unaffected by the war.

During the past year, however, five cases have come to light showing that Switzerland's own people may bring embarrassment to their country.

The first case was that of the two colonels found guilty of conveying information to the German military authorities.

Another was the Socialist rebellion at Chaux-de-Fonds, where a mob enabled an internationalist agitator to escape from prison. This anti-militarist demonstration, it is cheering to note, found no echo in other parts of Switzerland. On the other hand, resentment because of the "two colonels affair" it is equally cheering to note, found echoes in every part of Switzerland.

Another case was that of an official named Mühlemann, whose job was to give out permits for the export of goods, who was convicted, and has just been punished with signal severity, for having received special commissions on releasing goods to foreign agents.

Another was the peace move made, on instructions from the Swiss Foreign Office, by the late Swiss Minister at Washington (the Swiss Legation having taken over all affairs pertaining to the German Embassy after the departure of the German diplomats from Washington). In this peace move, interpreted by some as straining Swiss neutrality, the Swiss Minister himself, however, was absolved of any personal blame.

But a more astounding breach of neutrality came when it was discovered that no less a personage than ex-President Hoffmann, a Federal Councilor and the head of the Swiss Foreign Office, had sent a despatch through the Swiss Legation at Petrograd to a Swiss Socialist named Grimm, outlining Germany's desire for a separate peace with Russia. When the Russian Government discovered this, it promptly expelled Grimm. In Switzerland the suspicions already entertained, by reason of the Mühlemann and the Washington affairs, that the head of the Swiss Foreign Office was allowing himself, whether consciously or not, to be a German agent, were so quickly confirmed that in the Swiss Parliament, on the announcement of what Hoffmann had done, one of the members cried, "Treason!" Hoffmann's resignation was at once demanded and accepted. To fill his place as Councilor M. Gustav Ador, a leading citizen of Geneva and President of the International Red Cross, was elected, and was promptly chosen head of the Swiss Foreign Office.

In usually placid Geneva, however, the police allowed an indignation meeting to develop into such mob violence that the windows of the German, Austrian, and Turkish Consulates were stoned, and the coat-of-arms was torn from the first. This outbreak, however much it reflected the popular feeling for democ-

racy and against the arrogance of autocratic power, brought expressions of contrition even more striking than had been the previous expressions of indignation throughout German as well as French and Italian Switzerland. The "Journal de Genève," for instance, the foremost newspaper in Geneva and perhaps in Switzerland, and one of the foremost in Europe, in recording the expression of regret which the Swiss Government had promptly sent to the German Government, says:

Let us not forget that the agents of foreign governments officially recognized by our authorities and the emblems of their consulates should be respected. This is an elementary duty of courtesy, made sacred by the rights of man. In forgetting this duty the agitators have humiliated our own country and our own city. Their acts merit the reprobation of all those who have Geneva's good name at heart. We can hardly exaggerate the importance of this.

So far from making the world suspicious of Switzerland, the comment from Swiss papers, whether French, Italian, or German, on all the above events has only reassured it in its conviction that the Swiss Government in general would be both loyal and impartial in interpreting Swiss neutrality.

THE RIVERS AND HARBORS BILL

The Rivers and Harbors Bill has finally passed the two houses of Congress and has gone to a conference between them. Although under the group system (by which no one can learn just how much money is to be expended for a particular object) many indefensible items were included in the bill, the essential items of National defense for which the bill provided were of very great importance.

The Hell Gate improvement is certainly an urgent necessity. Under present conditions, eight first-class foreign warships could stand off Sandy Hook and maintain a successful blockade of New York Harbor. But if the Hell Gate obstruction were removed and the passage deepened it would require many more vessels to maintain an effective blockade of the harbor, of which Hell Gate may be called the back door. The bill also provides for the acquisition of the Cape Cod Canal. In addition, the other inland canals are provided for, so that the whole chain of defensive waterways from Boston to Beaufort is covered.

One feature of the bill is the deepening of Portland Harbor from its present depth of thirty to thirty-five feet. In pursuance of a letter from Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, Senator Hale, of Maine, said that, if the harbor were made available for transatlantic vessels, the Canadian Government would use it. Thus the deepening of the harbor is a piece of emergency legislation of direct benefit to our allies in the war. On this Senator King, of Utah, remarked that if the only ground upon which the appropriation could be defended was the British Ambassador's letter, it was an impertinence on the Ambassador's part to intrude into this matter. Upon this it was pointed out that Senator Hale had written to the British Ambassador asking for his indorsement, and that both the State and War Departments had been consulted by Sir Cecil before he replied.

Doubtless the prevailing feeling in both House and Senate was that, at a time when we are about to appropriate as much money as \$17,000,000,000, a matter of \$27,000,000 is too infinitesimal to bother about. But Senator Borah pointed out that, though "twenty-seven million is easily lost in a bulk of seventeen billion, and therefore we can slip it over on the taxpayer," to argue thus is simply "to preach that theft is excusable if not detected." And he added: "I cannot imagine anything more calculated to dull initiative and to discourage economy and energy than this heartless and unconscionable waste of public funds in an hour like this. . . . Senators, are you not willing to put into this bill a provision that no part of the money appropriated by it shall be expended except that part which those carrying on the war shall deem necessary and essential to the progress and the prosecution of the war?" But they were not willing, as the vote showed. Nor had the Representatives in the House been willing.

Senator Shafroth's amendment, which provided that the parties in interest—the States, counties, cities, corporations, and individuals—shall pay one-fifth of the amount involved, was also defeated.

Senator Kenyon introduced an amendment to the effect that

no appropriation contained in the bill should be available if the President decides that the appropriation is not one of public necessity. But this was rejected.

Senator Curtis then offered an amendment to the effect that during the continuance of the war no work shall be done or money expended on public works on rivers and harbors except for absolutely necessary repairs thereto or preservation thereof. But this was also rejected.

While these rejections might seem to characterize the temper of Congress, in contrast to the parochial view thus expressed is the National view reflected in the adoption by the Senate of an amendment, long favored by all true conservationists, providing for the establishment of a Federal Waterways Commission consisting of seven members, including one army engineer and one hydraulic engineer, to co-ordinate the uses of water in navigation, irrigation, drainage, electric power, municipal supply, etc. We are glad to learn that the House conferees have agreed to this provision.

UNNECESSARY AND VICIOUS

Congressman Britten has introduced into the House of Representatives a bill which is both unnecessary and vicious. It is unnecessary because it purports to give the President power which he already possesses, and it is vicious because it is an insult to loyal Americans of German ancestry, and because it recognizes racial divisions in the United States as a basis for exemption from that service which every American owes his Government.

Mr. Britten's bill would authorize the President to exempt from foreign military service such citizens of German or Austrian birth or descent whose blood ties in the enemy country might discourage the supreme effort that is necessary for the victory of our troops on foreign soil. The bill provides that—

Citizens of German or Austrian birth or descent, selected for draft into the military service, may, upon their own request, under rules and regulations prescribed by the President, be assigned to military or naval service on American soil or in American waters, or directed for duty in such industries, including agriculture, found to be necessary to the maintenance of the military establishment or the effective operation of the military forces or the maintenance of National interests during the emergency.

Of course the President now has the power to assign any soldier to such duty as in the judgment of the military authorities he is best capable of performing. The placing of a soldier with the army in France or on guard over a railway culvert in the United States will be determined by military expediency. To accept Mr. Britten's proposal would be to stigmatize American citizens of German or Austrian ancestry as possessing an unmanly sentimentality from which Americans in the past have been fortunately free.

When Mr. Britten finds any evidence that Washington desired to exempt from active military service Americans of British ancestry on sentimental grounds, or when Mr. Britten is able to unearth any evidence that either Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis recommended that soldiers of the North and South who had relatives beyond the border should be kept safely at home, the country may be ready to listen seriously to his proposal.

To condemn Mr. Britten's proposal is not to minimize the sufferings of those loyal Americans whose relatives dwell within the Central Empires. It is, on the contrary, to express faith and trust in the sturdy quality of their Americanism.

In the meantime it may be interesting to note that Mr. Britten's suggestion has been enthusiastically received by pro-German propagandists of the most offensive type.

WAR INDUSTRIES BOARD

Critics of the arrangement—necessitated by the situation—by which members of the Council of National Defense and its advisory commissions who are interested in specific industries have been a deciding factor in determining where and from whom the products of those industries are purchased, should be silenced by the announcement that the Administration has determined to appoint a War Industries Board of seven mem-

bers, which will supervise the actual expenditure of money in the purchase of supplies, and a Central Purchasing Commission to be composed of three members of this Board and Mr. Herbert C. Hoover.

Mr. Frank A. Scott, of Cleveland, Chairman of the General Munitions Board, has been selected to head the new War Industries Board. Associated with him will be, as representatives of the Army and Navy, Lieutenant-Colonel Palmer E. Pierce and Rear-Admiral Frank Friday Fletcher. Civilian members of the Board chosen are: Mr. Bernard M. Baruch; Robert S. Brookings, of St. Louis; Robert S. Lovett, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Union Pacific System; and Hugh Frayne, chief organizer of the American Federation of Labor of New York. The Central Committee will consist of Mr. Baruch, Mr. Brookings, and Mr. Lovett, in association with Mr. Hoover whenever the question of foodstuffs is concerned.

The appointment of this Board with its Central Committee will allow the Government to avail itself of the advice of industrial leaders on the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, while relieving themselves of the responsibility of rendering decisions by which they themselves might indirectly or directly profit.

KEEP FIT IN WAR TIME

In the illustrated section of this week's Outlook there appear two pictures of more than ordinary significance. These are pictures of Mr. Walter Camp and of Governmental leaders in the act of performing a service of great importance, a service which is within the reach of every citizen of the United States.

Mr. Camp went to Washington with the purpose of helping the leaders of our civil Government keep in a condition of physical fitness for the great tasks which have been laid upon them.

The service which Mr. Camp has undertaken upon his own initiative is of great patriotic value. Not only in the civil Government, but in private life, is it essential that the workers of the country keep themselves in the best possible condition.

A man who neglects his health, even though not in the military service, is, in this time of war, something of a slacker. Physical fitness helps towards efficiency, and efficiency must be manifest all over the country if we are to win the war. "If you cannot fight, keep fit," is a good motto for our civilian population.

LOUIS RAEMAEEKERS—ARTIST AND ANTIDOTE

Louis Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist, is now in the United States. A photograph of Mr. Raemaekers is included in our illustrated section of this week.

A writer for the New York "World" interviewed Mr. Raemaekers upon his arrival and gives a vivid report of his view of the cause and purpose of the war. Mr. Raemaekers is reported as saying:

Twenty years ago I realized that this war was coming.

How did I realize it so long ago? Because I knew many Germans and read many German books. I knew that the German people believed that they are destined to be the conquerors of the world, and that the lower races—that is what they call the Latins—are made to serve them. Even then they bragged openly that they must have Belgium and Holland and northern France. To-day they preach from their pulpits that God is a German that approves of the submarine warfare, that under the Kaiser Germany will rule the world. It is foolish to blame the Kaiser only. He is merely the chief maniac in a nation gone mad—a nation of burglars, I repeat to you; a nation which practices systematically Sadistic cruelties upon women and children.

Mr. Raemaekers, as is shown by his statements to the reporter of the New York "World," as well as by many of his familiar cartoons, believes in the truth of the German atrocity stories. When the reporter said to him, "We have hesitated to believe that the German Government or the army, as an army, practice rape and murder of non-combatants," he replied, "Is it possible that you still dream?"

Mr. Raemaekers is not blind to the part which his own nation has played in the prolongation of the war. When the reporter of

the "World" stated his belief that Holland had prolonged the war, Mr. Raemaekers said:

No one knows it better than I. I have seen the most wholesale smuggling across the frontier. I have seen roads blocked with vans carrying supplies into Germany. I have seen houses facing in Holland, but with back windows looking on Germany, where the owner of the house would stand in the door—some one, any one, entering, would slip him some money and then go up the stairs and throw supplies out of the window into baskets held by Germans in Germany.

It has been announced that Mr. Raemaekers has come to this country in order to be able to view the war as America sees it, and that his cartoons are to be published in "Puck" and under the exclusive control of the International Feature Service.

The International Feature Service is a Hearst organization; therefore Raemaekers's cartoons will be published in the Hearst papers, where they ought to do valiant service as an antidote to the editorial policy of those journals.

The Hearst papers, by their editorial pages and by their headlines, have, whether intentionally or not, done their best to destroy such sympathy as exists between the United States and its allies. Bitter attacks on England which have found their parallel only in confessedly pro-German organs, and even an insinuation concerning the good faith of France, not to mention editorial arguments in support of views that can please only those who would be satisfied with a compromise that in effect would be a German peace, have been outstanding features of the political policy of the Hearst journals.

If the Hearst papers continuously publish the Raemaekers cartoons, they will contain at least one feature wholly and honestly devoted to the cause of the Allies and of democracy.

THE UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

The announcement that Yale University had decided to establish a Yale Bureau in Paris, for the period of the war, to be a bureau for information, advice, and help for Yale men, has now been followed by the development of an American University Union in Europe. It will be supported by Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Dartmouth, Johns Hopkins, Tulane, and other colleges and universities. It is to provide (1) at moderate cost a home with the privileges of a simple club for American college men and their friends passing through Paris or on furlough; (2) a headquarters for the various college bureaus already established or to be established in France; (3) aid to institutions, parents, or friends in securing information about college men in all forms of war service, reports of casualties, and (4) visits to the sick and wounded, giving advice, and serving as a means of communication with men in the field.

The American University Union is to be managed by a board of trustees of nine members, six of whom shall be elected by the institutions represented, and three appointed, one each, by the President of the University Club of New York City, the Chairman of the Red Cross War Council, and the Chairman of the Army and Navy Committee of the International Young Men's Christian Association.

The immediate charge of the Union will be in the hands of Professors Nettleton, of Yale, and Lansing, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the two officers already appointed to serve as heads of their respective bureaus in Paris. The success of the undertaking is, we believe, assured in advance.

ART GALLERIES AND SCHOOL-CHILDREN

The annual report of Mr. John W. Beatty, Director of the Department of Fine Arts at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, records the fact that since last November his galleries have been visited by public school students of the eighth grade—an attendance of about five thousand. In addition, the School Board voted the necessary fund for their art instruction, and authorized the Superintendent of Public Schools to provide for the payment of the car-fare of all the children coming under the guidance of their teachers to the Institute—a more liberal plan, we believe, than has been adopted in any other city.

The significance of this work, as is pointed out in the report, lies in the fact that the eighth-grade students, about to enter the high school or upon the active duties and work of life,

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Carter in the Philadelphia Press



"COME ON, SON, THEY'VE NEVER LICKED US!"

Pease in the Newark Evening News



THE EAGLE'S GIFT

Stinson in the Denver News



SIDE BY SIDE; WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR

AMERICA SENDS HER SONS TO THE FRONT

Weed in the Philadelphia Public Ledger



KERENSKI

Carter in the Philadelphia Press



THROWN TO THE WOLVES

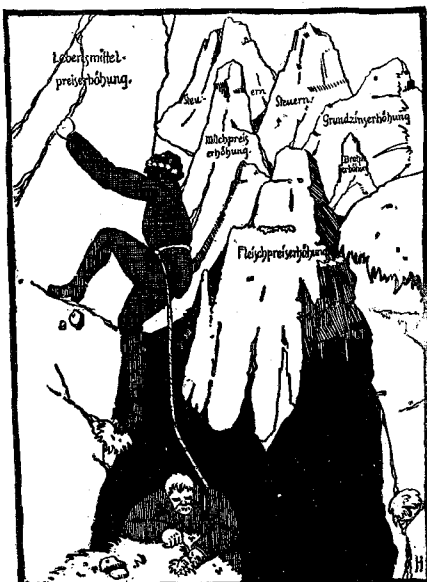
Weed in the Philadelphia Public Ledger



A MOTHER OF FREEDOM
Headline—"Russian women die on the firing line."

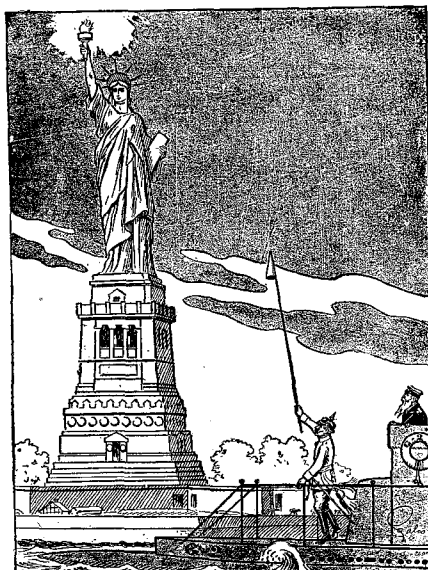
RUSSIA—CAN EVEN A DICTATOR SAVE THE SITUATION?

From Nebelspatter (Zurich)



A DIFFICULT POSITION (AMID THE MOUNTAIN
TOPS OF CURRENT PRICES)
"And yet we hope to get through."

De Falco in Le Pêlé-Mêle (Paris)



William: "I didn't think Liberty was so tall—I don't
believe I can put out the torch!"

Apa in Iberia (Barcelona, Spain)



William: "Don't worry! You shall have Albania, Serbia,
and Champagne. What more do you want?"
Constantine: "A sandwich."
William: "That is sheer gluttony!"

ASPECTS OF THE WAR AS SEEN BY FOREIGN CARTOONISTS—PRO-GERMAN, PRO-ALLY, AND NEUTRAL

eagerly seek instruction and the opportunity to acquire some knowledge with reference to art and its appreciation. That the children of the eighth grade are capable of understanding this to a reasonable extent is abundantly established by the many papers they have written telling of the information received during their visits to the Institute. The central thought in the Pittsburgh plan is to bring out a point of view based upon appreciation of art, rather than a point of view based upon historical, biographical, or technical information.

What is it to appreciate art? Why is this or that picture, which seems to possess much merit, especially in detail, not a good picture? It is this question which the Pittsburgh people seek to answer. They attempt, not to give technical instruction, but to teach the appreciation of art by explaining, in a very simple way, the essential qualities possessed by good works of art—those qualities to be sought for by all observers. To define these subtle, fundamental, underlying qualities and to rivet the attention of students upon them, so that they may, without confusion, take away one or two principles upon which to think and from which they may learn appreciation, this is the inspiring work now being pursued at Pittsburgh.

The question in all this is whether the appreciation of art should be developed from the top down or from the bottom up. In America, as a rule, a child distinguishes between the good and the bad. He does not, as in Italy, also distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly. Because the Italian child does this spontaneously, Italy has always been a leader in art in general and in painting in particular.

Too many men are trying to paint pictures apart from the public. The cubists and futurists are interesting mainly to futurists and cubists. The public does not want to go to exhibitions of pictures painted by artists merely to interest other artists. Occasionally a painter, oftener an illustrator—Rae-maekers, for instance—appears to know how to combine modern technique with an interpretation of the mind of the public.

The attitude of composer or painter should have some direct relation to the attitude of the people of his time.

AN AMERICAN WAR

FOR three years war on a scale exceeding any other war in history has been waged by the Central Empires of Europe against the rest of the world. Before the war began no man would have dared to say that any peoples calling themselves civilized could be guilty of the colossal cruelty and scientific, calculating brutality, the merciless indifference to the sufferings of women, of children, of the aged, the arrogance of planning the subjection of the world to the ambition of a few, that have characterized the men in authority who have brought this war upon mankind. And yet, after three years, we are told that people in America, supposed to be intelligent, supposed to be lovers of liberty, do not yet understand why the men of France and of England and of Italy and of Belgium and of Serbia and of other countries are willingly going to their death to withstand the armies of Germany and her satellites.

In particular, we have been told in a speech of great eloquence, delivered upon the floor of the Senate by Mr. Borah, of Idaho, that the people of this country still need to be informed of the reasons for America's participation in this war. Because, to use Mr. Borah's own words, the situation was never so "serious and menacing to the Allies," there is special reason, in his opinion, for a clearer statement of the aims of America in the war. "While the Russian forces are breaking away from the fighting line," said Mr. Borah in this speech, delivered on July 26, "the submarines of the Teuton Powers are spreading havoc upon the seas and France is being fought almost to her knees, though displaying again and again courage and heroism such as has never been excelled in the history of the world."

"Sir, under conditions so unfavorable America has entered the war. . . .

"It is no longer a European war, sir; it is an American war. And with this condition of affairs confronting us it is necessary that we proceed to legislate here upon these respective measures as if the enemy were at our gates. . . .

"This is not a propitious time, generally speaking, to dis-

cuss peace or to propose peace if we intend to have that peace which is permanent and which endures. . . .

"But I think this much ought to be said, lest I be misunderstood: I am not so sure but that the time has come when the American people should have presented to them more definitely and more specifically the terms and conditions upon which we are fighting the war, and the terms and conditions upon which we would cease to fight it. . . .

"Let us keep in mind that the ways of government and the paths of diplomacy overshadowed by no sacrifice are often far from the sad and dusty lanes down which the people march to war. Government and diplomacy may be interested in the future of Constantinople and the Bagdad Railway, but out yonder in the open where every move toward war means sorrow and sacrifice, where families are to be separated and broken, where husband and brother and son are to be offered upon the altar, that altar must be our country—you must speak to them of things of home and of the flag, you must give them an American issue for which to die."

In one respect at least Senator Borah is right. This is not a propitious time for those who are fighting the Central Empires to talk of peace. It is not primarily peace that America or England or France or any other of Germany's enemies is seeking. So long as men capable of the deeds that have been done in the name of Germany and her satellites have power there is only one thing worth while to the rest of the world. That is not peace, but resistance. Under such circumstances, peace is not an end to be sought; peace is but a by-product of the real aim, which is victory.

This is why the terms which certain Russian pacifists, with the approval of certain Germans, have set forth as an ideal are no ideal at all. It is surprising to find Senator Borah, in the course of his speech, expressing the wish that America had indorsed the Russian plea for "a peace based upon no indemnities and no annexations." A mere negation can never be the basis for a permanent peace. If the American people are to fight not only with their instincts but with their understanding, then they must not be thinking of terms of peace, but of terms of victory.

And victory in this war will mean two things to America:

First, it will mean the preservation of America's own rights, and therefore of her own self-respect. When the German Government sank, without warning, the *Lusitania* with American citizens aboard, ordered Americans to follow German bidding in their use of the highway of the sea, and proposed an invasion of American territory with the aid of a friendly power, the German Government denied to the people of the United States their right to govern themselves. To have acquiesced in that denial of our rights would have been not only to condone murder, but to abandon that which makes us a Nation. That is one reason, and a sufficient reason, for fighting.

But we have a larger reason than that. It was supplied the very day that German troops crossed the Belgian border. It was reinforced by every lawless act of the German army wherever perpetrated. It was given to us anew with every unwarned merchantman sunk by a German submarine, whatever that merchantman's nationality. It was reaffirmed in the German bombing of unfortified cities. It was implicit in the German ambition to rule Europe. This reason for America's entrance into the war is Germany's attack upon that which makes America America. When Germany invaded Belgium, when she sank merchantmen without warning, when she devastated the northern provinces of France, not for military purposes, but to weaken France as a competitor, when she planned the creation of a great empire to stretch from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, she assailed everywhere the right of mankind to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is because Americans have fought for that right that they are Americans. It is because they have established here that right that they remain Americans. The Western farmer who plows his acres and the newly arrived immigrant who has established his family in the crowded quarters of the East Side of New York City are alike supremely concerned with one thing, and that is, with this right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is because the ancestors of one were willing to die to maintain that right that America is America to-day; and it is because the other sought

that right by crossing the sea to this shore that he is helping to make America to-day. Those who are indifferent to this are disloyal to the country. To both the Western farmer and the dweller of the East Side the guns that are roaring in Flanders to-day may seem far distant; but upon the outcome of the battle of guns there in Flanders depends the preservation of all that those men are living for and hoping for in this land now.

This is an American war. But it is not an American war only because it is for the preservation of particular rights and interests of this Nation. It is an American war for the same reason that it is a French war and an English war and an Italian war. It is an American war because it is the war of every free people.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF SELECTS FOR SERVICE

The exemption boards, which are to determine who is best fitted to serve at the front and who is best fitted to serve at home, will have a difficult and honorable task. It is interesting to compare the present situation, wherein a democracy sets about the work of selecting her sons who are best fitted for service in the cause of liberty, with the manner of determining exemptions from military service (as Shakespeare describes the scene) in the time of Henry IV. Justice Shallow and Sir John Falstaff would not be welcomed on an American exemption board, but it is perhaps a curious fact to recall that they did hear claims for exemption on the grounds of dependent relatives and physical infirmity—claims which did not always hold water.

"Where's the roll?" asks Justice Shallow. "... Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?"

Mouldy. Here, an't please you. . . .

Shallow. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Falstaff. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mouldy. Yea, an't please you. . . .

Falstaff. Prick him.

Mouldy. . . . My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

It was Bullcalf who presented to the exemption board a plea for exemption on the ground of physical disability.

Shallow. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Falstaff. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bullcalf. Here, sir.

Falstaff. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bullcalf. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Falstaff. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bullcalf. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Falstaff. What disease hast thou?

Bullcalf. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Nor was Bullcalf satisfied with this attempt to secure exemption. Those who remember their "Henry IV" will recall the fact that both Mouldy and Bullcalf also attempted to escape service by bribery. It was this final straw which led Falstaff to a disagreement with Justice Shallow. When the time came for deciding who should go soldiering, Falstaff asks Justice Shallow to state his choice, and among the four chosen the Justice selects both Mouldy and Bullcalf. Falstaff abruptly breaks in:

Falstaff. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shallow. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Falstaff. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.

Among those who will present themselves before our exemption boards the percentage of Mouldys and Bullcalfs will, we believe and hope, be very low.

There are many men who not only have the right, but whose

duty it is, to claim exemption. Such men must never be confused with the slackers who felt the force of Shakespeare's satire.

Yet in guarding against such a confusion we will do well also to accept the burden of Falstaff's final advice: Give us the spirit! This is sounder advice than that which we are accustomed to expect from the fat knight.

GUARDING THE PENSION ROLLS

The pension roll of the United States is a roll of honor. It should be dedicated solely to the dependents of those who have given their lives for their country and to the support of those who have been crippled in the fight for human liberty.

To such as these no debt is too heavy for the country to pay. Yet in the past political trickery has tarnished the names of honorable pensioners by opening the pension roll to dishonorable applicants. Congress has repeatedly amended the records of deserters, cowards, and soldiers dishonorably discharged that they might profit at the expense of the people of the United States and the reputation of America's defenders.

At a time when the certainty of a greatly increased pension roll looms up before the country it is eminently fitting that the country's representatives in Congress be warned that such a procedure will not be tolerated in the future. It is none too soon to bring before Congress the necessity and the duty of guarding the pension roll from dishonor. Private bills to amend the military records of soldiers must not find a place in the history of the present war.

Whether or not our whole present pension system should be abandoned and replaced by a system of war insurance, it is perhaps too soon to determine. The proposition to substitute or to supplement our war pensions by Governmental insurance is one which deserves public attention and discussion. But even if it is decided to retain in its entirety our present system, the people of the United States can serve their country greatly by seeing to it that the pension roll is kept clean. Any Congressman who shows any inclination to sully that honorable list should be given short shrift by his constituents.

AN EMERGENCY MEASURE OR A NATIONAL POLICY?

Since war was declared the United States has adopted and put into effect a system of universal liability to service which is on a broader and more democratic basis than anything we have known in our history.

Yet it must not be forgotten that this great revolution in American military practice was adopted as an emergency measure pure and simple.

The Government has enrolled all of its male citizens between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one. It is selecting from this great group those best fitted for service in its armies. Confronted by war with the greatest of military Powers, there was no other course which a nation with any ordinary degree of sanity could adopt.

This emergency measure is daily confused with that system of military training for which the best-informed elements of our country began to fight long before the outbreak of our war with Germany. Universal liability to military service (which we have had in theory since the foundation of the Republic) is a vitally different thing from the universal military training which the country must adopt if it is to endure.

When our emergency army has been raised and officered, certainly long before the resources in registered men have been exhausted, Congress should put our military establishment upon a basis capable of being made permanent.

It should take up again the question of training our youth before they reach military age. It should adopt some system by which every able-bodied youth will reach the age when he is fitted to serve his country as a soldier equipped in body and mind for such work. Thousands upon thousands of our young men will in the present war undergo needless hardship and

suffering because we have failed to train them for military service in time of peace.

Let us not be guilty of such a crime against the next generation of our sons.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE

Americans were growing easy, soft, adipose. Our prosperity was poisoning us. We were fast assuming the fatal falsehood that happiness is the end of life. Our current phrases, "A happy New Year," "Many happy returns of the day," "A long and happy life to you," were conventional, but they expressed what was becoming a dominant desire for ourselves and our friends. "Safety first" generally meant comfort first. Much of the industrial unrest was the struggle of pigs at the trough over the division of the swill. The ministers were hard put to it to reconcile the inequalities and unhappinesses of life with faith in a just and benevolent God. Glory in tribulation was becoming a lost art.

The war is teaching us that happiness is not the end of life; that the joy of self-sacrifice is greater than the joy of self-indulgence. This we are learning as such a lesson only can be learned, not from sermons or text-books, but in the school of experience. Thousands of men and women have crossed the Atlantic and are in the trenches, the airplanes, the ambulances, the hospitals, laying down their lives in self-denying services for their fellow-men, and thousands more are preparing to follow them. Doubtless the spirit of adventure mingles with and quickens the spirit of self-sacrifice, but also the spirit of self-sacrifice mingles with and ennobles the spirit of adventure.

At home boys are giving up their vacations to go into training camps and submit to much-needed but hitherto irksome discipline, and other boys and girls are toiling in unaccustomed labor in the garden or on the farm. Society is simplifying its dinners, hotels and clubs are adopting war menus, housekeepers are substituting two courses for three or one course for two; and all this not under the pressure of immediate necessity, for there is bread enough and to spare in the country for ourselves, but that we may have more to send to our allies. True, we are suffering no great pinch as yet, and there may be none. The point is that we are giving up many luxuries and some comforts, and are finding an added joy in life through the self-sacrifice.

And this is more than self-sacrifice; it is a sacrificial service. We are learning by experience what it is to bear the sins of the world, what it is for the innocent to suffer with and for the guilty, and how such suffering redeems, saves, delivers. When a nation which has been poisoned by a century of pernicious teaching makes war upon civilization, civilization is doomed unless there are men and women willing to give up all they hold dear—property, home, husband, wife, children, life itself—in brave battle against sins which they have never com-

mitted, for which they are not responsible, which they have done nothing to promote. Europe could not have been saved from the revival of Roman despotism, pagan alike in its philosophy and its spirit, if there had not been in Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and America men who were willing to suffer and to die for their faith in liberty. It is because there were no such sacrificial lovers of liberty in Germany that Germany has been given over to the spirit of autocracy. It is because there were such sacrificial lovers of liberty in Russia that Russia has been set free.

Thus we are learning the meaning of Christianity, both as a theology and as a spirit.

As a theology Christianity is the doctrine that there is a real battle in the universe between good and evil, the extent and full meaning of which we need not and cannot know, but in which we must bear a part whether we will or not; and that there is One greater than we think, our Companion in the great campaign, who voluntarily shares with us in all the pains and perils of the battlefield. As a spirit, Christianity is reverence for our Great Companion, not because he is the Almighty or the All-Wise, but because he is our Leader in the sacrificial service. We cannot revere in God what we despise in our fellow-men; and in our fellow-men we despise the power and the wisdom which are used in the service of self. The greater the power and the wisdom, the greater is our contempt for its selfish and mean possessor. We cannot reverence the exiled King of Belgium and refuse our reverence to the autocratic Emperor of Germany while at the same time we refuse our reverence to the Galilean and give it to an Allah who governs only by almighty power or to a Buddha who thinks our battle does not concern him and looks upon it with placid indifference.

Little children are sometimes great teachers because they naively express the feeling which they have not learned from their ill-instructed elders to repress. When the French children knelt in the streets of Paris as the American troops passed through that city, they revered, not our wealth, nor our shrewdness, nor our power, but our sacrificial service; and taught us what in our kneeling, whether at home or in church, ought to inspire our revering. This is the reason why Christendom, in spite of much semi-pagan teaching from Christian pulpits, reverences, not an enthroned Allah in the heavens, but a thorn-crowned Christ upon the earth; not a Buddha without passions, purposes, or desires, but a human God, a man of sorrows and familiar with grief. This is why Christians find him on the battlefield, a Leader in the great campaign, sharing with them in the sacrificial service. And this experience is giving a new and deeper meaning to the declaration of the unknown writer of the book of Hebrews, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission" of sin, and a broader and more universal meaning to the declaration of Paul, "I rejoice in my sufferings and fill up that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ."

LYMAN ABBOTT.

A GREETING FROM ENGLAND

A correspondent has sent to us the following verses, which, as the date appended indicates, were written upon the declaration of war between the United States and Spain. That was a time when we had few friends in Europe. These verses well express England's understanding of our purpose even before we had begun to fight. It is good to have this reminder at a time when we have been, perhaps, more slowly coming to a realization of England's purpose in a greater war. England's sentiment was expressed in deeds after the Battle of Manila when Dewey was threatened by the superior German fleet of von Diederichs. It is a satisfaction that we can express a responsive sentiment by the deeds of Sims and Pershing.—THE EDITORS.

America! dear brother land!
While yet the shotguns are mute,
Accept a brotherly salute,
A hearty grip of England's hand.

To-morrow, when the sulphurous glow
Of war shall dim the stars above,
Be sure the star of England's love
Is over you, come weal or woe.

Go forth in hope! Go forth in might!
To all your nobler self be true,
That coming times may see in you
The vanguard of the hosts of light.

Though wrathful justice load and train
Your guns, be every breach they make
A gateway pierced for mercy's sake
That peace may enter in and reign.

Then should the hosts of darkness band
Against you, lowering thunderously,
Flash the word "Brother" o'er the sea,
And England at your side shall stand.

Exulting! For though dark the night
And sinister with scud and rack,
The hour that brings us back to back
But harbingers the larger light!

—London Chronicle, April 22, 1898.

THE VIEWS OF A FIGHTING BISHOP ON THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

L EONIDAS POLK, who served in the Confederate army as a major-general and was killed on the field of battle, was perhaps the American best entitled to the name of the "Fighting Bishop." Yet, if vigor of pen and a clear conception of the fundamental questions of morality can be considered in part as entitling the owner of these qualities to such a designation, Bishop Cooke, of Tennessee and the Methodist Episcopal Church, certainly has a right to share honors with the famous Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana.

It seems that the Rev. Frederick Lynch, Secretary of the Church Peace Union, asked Bishop Cooke for his personal attitude towards the conscientious objector. The reply to this invitation comes to us through the editor of the Methodist "Advocate-Journal," the official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Central Southern States.

The keen analysis of the morality of the conscientious objector made by Bishop Cooke deserves record in full. We regret that we have space only for the following quotations from his letter to the Rev. Frederick Lynch.

Bishop Cooke, after saying that we as "Christian men must do our Christian duty in matters of state with all gentleness and mercy, yet so that law and order shall not be condemned," declares:

"Permit me to say that, in my judgment, some things should be stated frankly and without confusion of thought about so-called rights of conscience which operate only one way—that is, to the interest of the individual claiming them. It is not ungenerous nor is it without historical ground to say that rights of conscience are too easily manufactured by sophistical minds who are always conscientious enough to let others bear the burdens, the hardships and sufferings of life while they enjoy its benefits."

The whole question of the conscientious objector under present social and political conditions is not, believes Bishop Cooke, a Church question at all. It is a State question, and belongs in the domain of government. Those who say that the question whether one fights or does not fight is the same as the question whether one obeys God or man, according to Bishop Cooke, start with a false philosophical premise. "No Government has the right to compel a man to do a wrong thing. But are all wars wrong? Wars of hate, wars of aggression, wars of expansion of wealth and plunder, are wrong. But wars of defense, wars punishing evil-doers, are not wrong. The police powers—that is, the moral forces of the universe—are not wrong. The right to live is not immoral. It is not wrong to prevent a murderer from killing my wife and children or to prevent a dehumanized fiend from setting fire to a city. But if the conscientious objector insists that the question is solely one of obedience to God, then the question arises: Shall he obey God in this one particular only—that is, of not going to war—and he be the sole judge of what is righteous war, or shall he also obey God down the whole line? . . .

"Upon what moral principle grounded in the constitution of things, then, does the conscientious objector take his stand? Universal reason will demand that the conscientious objector shall base his moral contention upon universal moral principles. He is not a moral standard for the race. He cannot, therefore, establish his opinions upon individualistic notions of right and wrong, which notions would also shelter head-hunters, Mormon polygamists, and many moral and political infamies like the German War Code or the Zimmermann note to Mexico, but upon principles valid for all time for all men under all conditions and in all places. Does he take his stand, then, upon an assumed law of God which is nowhere expressed? Very well; then upon what moral law of God, expressed or unexpressed, does he assume the further right to appropriate to himself, to exercise and enjoy for himself, the results of war, which are bought by the sufferings and blood of others who lay down their lives for the sake of freedom and civilization? No man has a right to be a thief."

Certainly, as Bishop Cooke says, the man who profits by the sufferings of others while at the same time he refuses to share in those sufferings is morally a thief of the worst kind. Bishop

Cooke outlines briefly in his letter the issues which have forced the United States into the present war and the sacrifices of those who are destined to give their lives for our country. He says:

"They die that our institutions might live. But the conscientious objector will not die. He will not die for any of these principles, nor will he suffer one hour of agony nor endure a pin-prick. He is opposed to war—to any war, even though in defense of all that God in the development of humanity has slowly evolved in history and made the heirlooms of the nations. But he is perfectly willing to enjoy all the benefits—social, political, cultural, commercial, or others—that these men have won or preserved for him at the cost of their own blood and suffering and death. For if all war is wrong, upon what moral principle does the 'conscientious objector' wipe the bloody spot of guilt from his own hands by simply objecting to war while he enjoys the benefits of war? Is the receiver of stolen goods less criminal than the thief? Is not the beneficiary of a crime a partner in the crime? Is such a man a conscientious objector at all? I insist that the conscientious objector's conscience shall go down the whole line, and not stop just when and where he pleases."

The conscientious objector not only profits by the sufferings of others while refusing to share those sufferings, but he also demands from the institutions made possible by the death and destruction of other men protection and sympathy. In Bishop Cooke's phrase, he assumes "the right to the benefits of a civilization which he tamely surrenders to the ruthless hoofs of barbarism."

Bishop Cooke here quotes an apt parody, with this comment: "Nothing, it seems to me, fits the conscientious objector so well as a parody on Goldsmith's poem, 'The Hermit':"

"No flocks that roam the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
The butchers kill the meat for me,
I buy the meat of them."

"He will not go to war, but is willing to enjoy the results of war. He will obey God at one end of the line, but ignore him at the other. It seems to me that one should either do the killing or stop the eating, or both. There is no substitute in morals. But is it possible in any way conceivable for the conscientious objector to disentangle himself from his moral twistings if he remains a citizen of a government which demands his support for value received? Upon what moral principle everywhere valid is this assumed right based? It is very evident that the conscientious objector cannot play fast and loose with the laws of God and man at the same time, and plead conscientious scruples when it is his pleasure and interest to do so. Conscientious objectors to war like the Quakers do not do so. They do not play ball with conscience that way. They do their part where the Government desires that part shall be done. But our American variety of objectors, and English too, will not do anything but blandly receive the benefits of others' hardships, sufferings, and death."

Bishop Cooke's conclusion concerning the treatment which the Government should mete out to the conscientious objector is eminently sound. He says: "Should such persons be punished, be put in prison, or interned? No! Government has no right to punish a man for his opinion. It seems to me, therefore, that the simplest way to deal with this difficulty, various and complicated as the questions are, is: Let the Government respect the 'conscientious objector's' opinion, thus giving him all benefits of doubt, but at the same time let the Government severely insist that he shall take the full consequence of his opinions. If he is sincere, he cannot object to that. Let him be deprived forever of all benefits of war, of all political and social and civil rights. 'If any man will not work, neither shall he eat.' He has no inherent right to these political and civil privileges. He was not born with them. He does not inherit them. He does not obtain them because he is a human being, but on the ground that he is a citizen of the United States. They are political grants. The power that gives has the power and right to take away. Let the objector, then, hold to his

opinions, but let him also abide by the consequences of his opinion. The hair must go with the hide. . . . The conscientious objector has no claim upon a government he disavows, upon a country—its laws, its institutions, its life and civilization—he will not defend. He is a man without a country, and

if he is not a cowardly shirker he will be sufficiently moral to abide by the natural consequences of his convictions."

We should like to appoint Bishop Cooke a committee of one to determine the fate of all those who claim exemption from military service on the ground of conscientious objections.

THE CHINESE JUNK OF STATE

BY TYLER DENNETT

CHINA'S entrance into the war would have no important bearing on the decision in Europe. She understands that as well as we do. She would merely still continue to sell her dried eggs and other commodities at market prices, and she would still send her coolies to France to work on the roads. Beyond this she can make no valuable contribution to the Allies.

Nevertheless China is related to the war, or to its outcome, very directly. She knows that she is to receive more or less attention in the peace conference. She has vague feelings in her breast that she has within herself the possible makings of another Balkan situation. Any peace settlements which look toward an enduring peace must face the fact of China. Her people are beginning to wonder how they are to be represented in that peace conference.

On March 14 China severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Up to that time she had been following the advice of the United States. After that she waited to see what further move the United States would make. Later she delayed for other reasons. During this period of delay I was traveling about through some of the more remote provinces of the Republic. I visited many provincial capitals and many small villages. I talked with the high and the low. I had therefore unusual opportunities to observe how the Chinese mind grappled with the new set of problems presented to it by the invitation to enter the war against Germany.

In the first place, it seems not so surprising that China has failed to finish her programme by declaring war, as it is surprising that she ever started it. China is mildly pro-German. The Chinese, as a people, know nothing of the blood and iron of Prussianism. They have met Germany chiefly through the German merchants who for the last decade had gone every year farther and farther inland offering cheap merchandise and extra-long credits. These merchants also showed what appeared to the Chinese to be an absence of race prejudice very unusual among Europeans. They liked these Germans, and they hope they will come again some day.

Then, too, China was supposing that Germany would win the war. Did not their newspapers report fresh victories for her almost every day? When President Wilson invited them to sever diplomatic relations with Germany, the Chinese were astonished, amazed. Why should they join against a friendly nation, especially when that nation was going to win? Only the fact that the invitation came from America made them treat it seriously. They were sure, as many, many Chinese kept saying to me, that "America had no sinister motive." Therefore they began to look into the proposition.

China was moved by several motives to go to the extent of breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany. She hoped thereby to induce the Allies to agree to the raising of her import duties, which now amount actually to only about three and one-half per cent. She further hoped to secure permission to suspend payment on the Boxer indemnities for a period of ten years. Some urged that if China were to enter the war she would receive a foreign loan. This argument was very effective among some of the officials to whom a foreign loan represents more money for them to spend. But the most persuasive argument for entering the war was the fear of Japan.

To the Chinese the proposition was put this way, though less bluntly perhaps. At least, this was the way the Chinese understood it. In the peace conference which follows the war the questions of the "open door in China," the disposition of spheres of influence, and Japanese claims on China will be up for settlement. More fundamental still is the question as to whether Japan's exclusive claim to speak to and for the Republic is to be indorsed by the Powers. The Chinese realized that

the price which the Allies are to pay for Japan's help in the war has never been stated. There is a lurking fear in China that somehow she may be that price.

China was faced with these alternatives. If she entered the war, she might be permitted to speak a word for herself in the peace conference. If she remained out of the war, Japan would unquestionably expect the right to speak for her. Again, if she entered the war, she would still have a choice. If she declared war and joined the Entente, she would become the ally of Japan, with whom she still has many unsettled accounts. That would be awkward. On the other hand, she might join the war, remain outside the Entente, and therefore be ranged under the wing of the United States in the peace conference. There was, and still is, a good deal to justify the expectation that when it comes to the peace settlement Great Britain will find herself so much at odds with Japan over the Oriental tangle that she will also side with China. There seemed then the possibility that China might walk into the peace conference, escorted on the one hand by Great Britain and on the other by the United States.

For a few days after breaking diplomatic relations with Germany the Chinese junk of state seemed to be again in clear water. Then came a sudden gust of wind from a new quarter, and China found that she had merely sailed around the reef and come up on the other side of it. Again it was the fear of Japan.

There are almost numberless political parties in China, but there are two main groups—those who desire a constitutional government and those who do not. The latter group is represented by the reactionary generals who are hold-overs from the Yuan Shi-kai régime. These generals, most of whom are acting as military provincial governors, have at their command armies totaling 800,000 men scattered throughout the country. Forty per cent of Chinese revenue goes to maintain them. Wherever a military governor gets securely in the saddle all constructive movements for the country's welfare are threatened.

The Chinese began to reason this way: What would these generals do if China were to go on and declare war? Suppose the generals were to establish martial law? Then they could close up newspapers at will and arrest whom they chose. They have already openly demanded the prorogation of Parliament. They are not in sympathy with the constitution which is nearly completed. Probably they could enforce the dissolution of Parliament.

Suppose Japan were to say, after the declaration of war, Now that you are at war, you need our help. Your army is poorly trained and equipped; we will supply you with officers to train the army and we will help you with your arsenals. Your country is inefficiently policed; we will help you police it properly.

Two years ago China refused to grant these very requests. At that time she had felt that to grant to Japan these requests was practically to surrender her sovereignty.

The foregoing is a rough draft of the chart by which China has been trying to sail her ship of state for the last six months. It is also the background of the recent revolution. Parliament came to loggerheads with the generals. The revolution came and went. The Chinese have stood by the constitutional party, an ineffective President has been set aside, a dangerous Chang Hsun has been disposed of, and yet the issues and the personalities entering into the cause of the trouble do not appear to have changed greatly.

America urged China to enter the war. China accepted the advice, although Japan did not favor it, and landed herself in a feeble revolution which was nevertheless strong enough to paralyze the Government and still further uncover the shame of China's weakness before the world. The exhibition was still

further proof of Japan's frequent assertion that China is too inept and too feeble to manage her own affairs.

For a few weeks the United States semi-unofficially took the helm in Chinese affairs. The result, up to date, has not been as was expected, nor as could have been desired. With the best of intentions, we gave the Republic a shove. She slipped and fell. The tacit obligation thus assumed to stand by and see her put back on her feet again cannot be easily or lightly dismissed. If this mixing into Chinese affairs is merely one of the acci-

dents of a policy of opportunism, then there is urgent need that such a policy be replaced by one of more well-considered thought.

Yuan Shi-kai is known to have said not long before his death: "We know that we can count on the friendship of the United States, but that merely means that she will continue to express her good will." In the last few months we have gone considerably beyond the mere expression of good will. Now China is asking, living as she is daily under the fear of Japan, just how far and where the United States is willing to lead her.

MICROCOSM

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

AT five o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, September 21, 1915, a British police van drove down to meet a Dutch steamer, the Professor Buys, lying in the harbor of Hull. Five sailors were discharged from the van. Two of them were tall North Holland seamen, brothers by the name of Vlieland; one of them was a Gelderland fisherman named Van der Plas; the two others were named Heemskerk and Kuyt. They were dressed in heavy, dirty fishermen's clothing, with thick woolen socks and wooden shoes. Their heads were bare.

The five men were murderers. They belonged to the crew of a Dutch fishing smack called the Noordzee V, and on their last voyage they had killed three of their fellow-sailors, dismantled the vessel, and drifted helpless for three days without food and without water, until they were picked up by a Norwegian steamship and landed in England. They were not handcuffed when they came aboard the Professor Buys, nor later, although the captain, sent from Rotterdam to fetch them, had brought manacles. They walked aboard the ship unaided, although they were weak from fasting and thirst.

At six o'clock the vessel sailed. It was a beautiful autumn morning; the sun burned brightly before them, and the sky was filled with fleecy clouds. There was no sound of cannon from the calm stretches of the sea, and the war seemed to rest from its horrors.

The murderers were very quiet. When they asked to be allowed to come up on deck, the captain of the Professor Buys consented. Their ringleader, A. Vlieland, especially interested him. The man was a gigantic Dutchman, built like an ox, with great corded muscles and a massive Viking face. Nothing about Vlieland seemed murderous except his eyes. These glowed as if they were lit by internal fires, and his voice when he was much in earnest seemed to burn through his cracked lips. The four others stood in a group, as if they felt the need of each other's company. A. Vlieland walked alone, enormous and Satanic, like a man who wrestles with angels.

Vlieland had been pacing to and fro for an hour when suddenly he paused beside the helmsman and stared straight at the rising sun. His eyes were wide open, his lips parted. He stared without winking for several minutes, then abruptly turned to the captain.

"Mynheer de Kapitein," he said in his smoldering voice, "see! This power God has given me."

The captain was astonished. He peered into Vlieland's wide eyes. The pupils were not unduly contracted, and it was evident that the man was not dazzled by the light, for he put out his hand confidently and leaned for a moment against the rail. Then he began again his measured pacing to and fro, kicking off his wooden shoes and tramping catlike in his woolen socks.

On his next round of the deck he paused again beside the captain. "Have you a Bible, Mynheer de Kapitein?" he asked. "No matter, no matter; I know the book. I pray without the book. That power, too, God has given me. It is God's work I do. All I do is of God."

He called to the others, who approached him with their eyes cast down and with evident awe. One of the men, Kuyt, who was physically much weaker than the rest, knelt at Vlieland's feet and clasped him about the knees. A. Vlieland's brother, L. Vlieland, Van der Plas, and Heemskerk stood before him with hands folded together in prayer, and he led them in the singing of a psalm.

This pious mummary (for so it seemed to him) nettled the captain of the Professor Buys.

"What for a man are you?" he angrily demanded of Vlieland, when the psalm was ended. "You were skipper of the Noordzee V, and you killed three of your men, you psalm-singing Frisian!"

The giant paused in his walk and turned to the captain. He seemed puzzled rather than angry, although the heavy light in his eyes glowed balefully, and the captain involuntarily let go the wheel and clutched at a loaded revolver which he had in his trousers pocket. "See, Mynheer de Kapitein," Vlieland answered, "I am the spirit of Christus. I was sailing on the Noordzee with these others. The night was calm; there was no fighting that night; the Germans and the Englishmen slept. And in the second watch of the night I rose up and talked with God. The world was empty, except that I talked with God."

"But there were devils in our ship, just as there are devils on the land, Mynheer de Kapitein. God ordered me to cleanse the ship of devils, and I got up from my hammock and went through all the ship. It was as God had said. The ship was burdened with devils."

"My brother and Van der Plas woke up also, and they had seen in their sleep a big star, red like blood, and had a revelation to support Christus in his godly work. 'I am Christus!' I told them. And God opened their eyes, so that they were witnesses to the truth, and they said, 'Yes, you are Christus.' So we began to cleanse the ship."

"We threw overboard the tackle and the buckets and the trawls and the hoists, the sails, and the dories which were on deck. No one was at the wheel—God steered the ship. Then in the morning we woke up the others and threw overboard all the bedding. At first they were frightened and would not hear the truth, but we were stronger than they were, and the strength of God was in us, so at last they believed, and we all worked, praying and singing psalms."

"In three men the devils were lodged, so these three had to be freed of the devils. I made them dance very hard, then stand stock-still, then dance, then stand still. But the devils were crafty and stayed in them. They were not wicked men, Mynheer de Kapitein, but the devils were in them and would not go out. From the mouth of one of them the devils blasphemed and said I was not Christus, but a murderer, an anti-Christus. At night we cut off the head of that one, and his body was thrown overboard with the singing of psalms."

"But the devils still were strong. They would not leave the other two, and they denied that I was Christus, and rejected the truth. So next day we killed them with our knives and threw their bodies into the sea, as God commanded us. Then we took places about a table in the body of the ship and prayed."

"Mynheer de Kapitein, we fasted and prayed and conquered Satan so. We had no food or water, for those had been bewitched, and we threw them overboard. There was no world but our little ship, and we were happy, and we served God. There were no devils any more. We were at peace. We were all brothers. All the world was clean and served God."

"Heer Kapitein, we have done God's work. We are not murderers. We are simple men who have done God's work; soldiers, servants of the great King. These two men, my brother and Van der Plas, saw a star in the second watch of

the night—a red star, like blood—and I—I talked with God, face to face.”

This is a true story, as any one who read the Dutch news-

papers in September, 1915, will remember. Perhaps years hence history will find in this an interpretation of the tragic psychological mysteries of the great world war.

TO FIGHT OR NOT TO FIGHT¹

RUSSIA'S DILEMMA

BY GREGORY MASON

THE OUTLOOK'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT IN RUSSIA

TO fight or not to fight? that is the question that has set all Russia by the ears.

On this question all Russia is talking—arguing, persuading, threatening, pleading. Factories are on half-time while the workers talk, trenches are partly deserted while the soldiers talk, offices are idle and streets are filled with gesticulating, talking people.

I found myself in an atmosphere of controversy on boarding the ship for Scandinavian ports at Hoboken, for in the steerage were scores of Russians going home to fight—or not to fight—and each trying to convince his neighbor to fight or not to fight, as the case happened to be.

The overwhelming majority of them were patriots who had refused to make war for the Czar, but who had flocked from all parts of the United States for the chance of fighting for a free Russia. Typical of these was a young mechanic from Waco, Texas. He had offered his services to the American army as an aviator, but had withdrawn the offer when he heard that Nicholas II was uncrowned.

“Russia needs me more,” he explained, with a trustful smile, which was somehow pathetic.

The minority of this contentious band were Socialists and Anarchists, whose abundant zeal and energy made up for their numerical inferiority. At Halifax they were reinforced by six more of their stripe, released from British detention on the unenthusiastic request of the young Russian Government. All day these extremists argued with their countrymen in little knots about the windy deck. And as we went north and the days grew into whitening nights still they talked, till even the patient sun slumped dejectedly below the horizon. They seemed to arrange their eating and sleeping by watches, so that one of them could always be holding forth on the hatchway over the after hold. They were determined to make pacifists of their patriotic countrymen, but, though the latter were no match for the agitators in sophistry, they refused to be seduced. These patriots received reinforcements at Stockholm, when many of us who had been together on the ship, now traveling by train, were joined by Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist Minister of War, and by ninety Russian army surgeons released from German prisons. M. Vandervelde was going to Russia on behalf of his countrymen to combat the propaganda of just such Socialist pacifists as these with us—a motive which induced England to send Arthur Henderson and France to send Albert Thomas to Russia. The Russian army surgeons were being exchanged for an equal number of German surgeons from Russian prisons, though with characteristic German chivalry the Teutons had refused to release the Russian prisoners until the German doctors were safe at home.

When these Russian officers heard the Socialists urging peace with “our German comrades,” they rushed into the debate, furious with indignation and heavy with verbal ammunition.

“A week in a German prison would change your tune, you visionary fools!” they cried. (I have since been told, on the highest Russian authority, that evidence is in the possession of the British indicating that not all these Socialists from America are “visionary fools,” but that some are very practical gentlemen whose motive power is German-American gold.)

The Russian surgeons went on to relate tales of the cruelty of the Germans to their prisoners, and they produced photographs to prove their charges. These photographs, which I saw, and which were unmistakably genuine, had been taken surreptitiously or with the assistance of bribed guards. A harder task

than taking them had been getting them out. They were photographs of the punishment of Russian captives by the Germans. Two showed Russians stripped to the waist and tied to upright poles after being raised from the ground so that all the weight of their bodies was forced onto the sharp thongs around the torsos and ankles. In this position they were usually kept for three or four hours, said the Russians. They added the interesting item that the Russians are the worst treated of all Germany's prisoners, while the more hated English are the best treated. Their explanation for this was that England has many more German prisoners than there are British in German prisons, while the “balance of prisoners” between Germany and Russia is said to be unfavorable to Russia.

“We are all going right back to the front as soon as we have seen our families; every one of us is going back to the front,” they said.

In the cars the speechmaking continued—first the doctors and then the Socialists taking a turn at haranguing the other Russians to fight or not to fight. The train assumed something of the air of a Presidential campaign special in Finland, where a lot of young soldiers crowded aboard, riding second class instead of third, as they had to before the Czar changed his name. The advocates of war and the advocates of peace both wished to make an impression on this promising material. Overflow meetings were held on the platform of every station at which the lingering train stopped. The surgeons were always cheered and hoisted to the shoulders of the tanned soldiers after their speeches, but the Socialists also were generously applauded. The soldiers seemed to consider the whole performance a show for their benefit, and were ready to agree with whomsoever had the platform.

The champion debater came aboard somewhere in Finland. She was a woman of fifty; fat, choleric, but with a seasoning of humor, and garrulous to the point of exhaustion. Learning that I was an American, she seized me as a target after reducing three surgeons to incoherent rage.

“Oh, you Americans!” she began, reproachfully, in English; “we cannot understand you. Great, free America has always been our ideal, and now you also jump into this sordid, selfish war. We can't understand it; it stuns us.

“And it angers us,” she shouted, acting as she spoke. “You ask us to keep on fighting”—she shook a great red housewife's fist. “We have fought three years, sacrificed our sons, our money, our everything, and now you ask us to go on. Yes, you try to force us to fight—you do force us—but we won't, will we? We won't fight, will we?” She put the question in Russian to the ring of soldiers.

Two kept a sullen silence; one said, “Maybe;” another, “Pretty soon;” and the last two said, “Yes, yes, we will.”

This sort of anger with America for entering the war at this late juncture and trying to force tired Russia to keep up the hard grind is surprisingly common here. The pacifists feel that they “had peace on the run,” that Germany and France were tiring, and that perhaps by this time, certainly by fall, it would have been apparent to the whole world that only the “imperialists of England” were blocking peace. But the entrance of the United States spoiled their plans; also it ended their hopes of pushing Russia into a formal separate peace. Even the extreme pacifists here know that such a peace at the cost of the enmity of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, to say nothing of the other Allies, would be arrant folly. Russia is full of rumors, but the commonest one to-day is that the signing of such a peace would be the signal for Japan to seize all of Siberia she could swallow. Cer-

¹ See announcement on page 533.—THE EDITORS.

tainly Russia could not prevent it. It is also freely predicted that were Russia to make such a peace England, France, and Italy would immediately upset Russia's plans by concluding a peace of their own, which would pay Germany for the restoration of Belgium, Serbia, and Alsace-Lorraine with generous slices of Russian soil. I report these theories, not because I know of any particular authority behind them, but because they are a factor which is determining the psychology of the "man on the street" here to-day.

"You fool!" a well-known Cossack officer said to a peace agitator at a street meeting. "You fool, don't you know that if we made peace with Germany now, within a month or two we should have another war on our hands?"

"With whom?" asked the Anarchist.

"With England, France, Japan, and the United States."

"But why?"

"Because we had betrayed them by making peace with Germany."

"Oh," said the agitator, dropping his jaw with a stupid look; "oh, I never thought of that."

Even the Anarchists are thinking about it now, however, which is one reason why the danger of such a separate peace by Russia is now practically nil. Americans need give no more thought to it.

The danger is not that Russia will make a separate peace, the danger is that she will just stop fighting.

As a matter of fact, Russia has done no fighting of any importance for more than two months. The radicals who were working for a separate peace are now, for the most part, using their energies to persuade the soldiers to quit and go home. Thus the effect of a separate peace might be obtained while the formal guilt was avoided.

The men who were formerly crying "separate peace" are now crying "universal peace." In this case the two phrases mean the same thing. But it must not be forgotten that there are sincere Russians who distinguish between the two, who urge the latter while they abhor the former. Let us classify the whole array of pacifists and of peace propaganda in Russia.

First are the separate peace advocates, now inconsiderable.

Second are those who want universal peace as soon as possible. These can be divided into two classes: first, the conscientious pacifists and the honest but weak patriots who are tired of war, but who are not so tired of it that they would have Russia betray her allies. The second division of this group includes the horde of German agents that has swarmed into Russia since the Revolution, as well as those nondescript Russians who have been pro-German since the beginning of the war, including some of the old reactionaries from the corrupt bureaucracy of the former régime.

These German spies and agents, whether disguised as Anarchists, Socialists, or what not, have done a great deal of harm, and may do a great deal more. The Allies can now realize what a great opportunity their over-enthusiasm as to the integrity and force of the Russian Revolution led them to overlook. Had they sent thousands of their agents and thousands of pounds of their gold into Russia immediately after the Czar's abdication, by this time Russia might be a nation solid with enthusiasm for the war. But, over-optimistic in their judgment of the strength of young Russia, they left the field of propaganda to Germany, with unhappy results, which have lately become only too apparent. A supporter of the Allies must win every time he steps out into the street in Petrograd, for even every by-street, every little *pereulok*, is blocked with circular masses of humanity, more closely packed and nearly as vociferous as the Wall Street curb market. At the center of each of these masses is always a German hireling masquerading as an internationalist. The supporter of the Allies, it is true, is encouraged by the vehemence with which some honest Russian soldier, especially if he be wounded, returns the fire of the disrupter; but his heart must ache for some Allied heavy verbal artillery to help the Russian infantry. The best thing the Allies could do for their cause in Russia now would be to send here several thousand British, French, Italian, and American citizens with the ability to speak Russian, dress these men in the uniforms of the privates of their respective armies, and send them out to the street corners of Russian cities.

Continuing our analysis of the various current theories of the sort of peace which Russia ought to strive for, we come next to the large class of Russians who support the war, but only on condition that the treaty of peace shall provide for "no contributions or annexations." This is a phrase which is variously interpreted, according to the temperament, background, and political sympathies of the man who utters it. Undoubtedly, with some members of the army this phrase is merely a cloak for cowardice or laziness. To such persons "peace without annexations or contributions" means the maintenance of the Russian lines where they now are drawn, with no attempt at any further offensive. To many more Russians, however, the phrase is the attempt to voice a humanitarian ideal, a vision of international justice and human brotherhood. To all Russians it means the restoration of Belgium and Serbia to their former state; to some it does and to some it does not mean the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France; to the Bolsheviks, the extreme radicals, it means the independence of India and Ireland; but here the phrase is reduced to absurdity.

The Bolsheviks continue to shout that every soldier who fights now is fighting for foreign capitalists, especially English capitalists. But in general among those who try to express their aims for Russia through this now hackneyed phrase there is an increasing disposition to realize that a purely defensive war is no war at all. Thus the "Isvestia," the official organ of the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, recently said:

"A separate peace with the defeat of the Allies would defeat and prevent universal peace. To get universal peace we must help the Allies. For this purpose we must, first, democratize the army; second, strengthen its fighting force. . . .

"A purely defensive war is absurd. To defend there must be some form of an offensive."

There the "Isvestia" paraphrased that old remark of Napoleon—or was it some football strategist?—that "The best defense is an attack."

Last of all, the groups which are clamorously concerning themselves with Russia's part in the war are those who since the beginning have consistently held to the pursuit of their goal, "Peace with victory." Such Russians are among the most intelligent in their country. Their leaders are men of international reputation like Milyukov, Rodzianko, and Guchkoff. Before the Revolution these people had two wars on their hands. While prosecuting the war with Germany they were obliged to strive against the treacherous activities of the old Russian Government, which wanted to make peace with Germany.

But the Revolution did not lighten the task of these Russian patriots; it merely changed it. At present these true Russians are still doing their best to keep Russia a power in the war, but at the same time they must ward off an even greater internal interference than that of the corrupt but inefficient Government of the Czar. This is the interference of the host of weak-kneed pacifists and malignant supporters of Germany, combined with the really ferocious Anarchists who are determined to destroy what they call "the capitalists and the *bourgeoisie*."

To repeat, the party in Russia which is for the war is still fighting for a chance to beat Germany; only now their opponents are the pacifists, Anarchists, and German agents instead of the corrupt autocracy. And, to reword the title of this article, it is not so much a question of "To fight or not to fight" in Russia to-day as it is of the form the battle shall take. The Bolsheviks are just as eager for the war against capitalism as the patriots are for war against Germany. One party wants war at home and peace abroad. The other faction wants peace at home and war abroad.

Everything depends on the army. This has been considerably riddled by desertion, treachery, and pacifism, but a good deal of it is still sound and thoroughly disgusted with its rotten members. The trouble began in that evil moment when the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates announced that it would no longer be necessary for soldiers to salute their officers. Discipline disappeared, and things went from bad to worse, until some of the soldiers themselves, at a recent convention, recommended that the salute be readopted. At last accounts this was still under consideration, the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers'

Delegates having condescended to admit that, after all, there was no moral principle infringed by "a mutual exchange of civilities."

The abolition of capital punishment was another step that destroyed military discipline. In short, at present there is practically no power to prevent any two soldiers or any two workmen from pursuing any course which their own sweet wills dictate.

Two years ago, when I was here, it was apparent that Russia had a war on her hands. Now it is apparent only that she has an army. The countryside is filled with roaming soldiers, the streets and parks of the cities are crowded with big *muzhiks* in uniform whose sole occupation seems to be to talk and chew sunflower seeds. They are good-natured young giants; it is impossible to be angry with them, although they are an enormous nuisance, and just now are giving nearly bankrupt Russia no service for their pay. The street cars, on which they ride free, are so crowded with them that civilians rarely find seats. Yet when it was suggested that the population of Petrograd might well be reduced more nearly to its normal size the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates announced that if any depopulating were done the first to be removed would be those not in the pay of the Government—that is, the honest and hard-working civilians whose homes and offices are in the capital. Never disturb a poor soldier who toils so patiently at the destruction of sunflower seeds; oh, never!

The officers can do nothing; the only hope lies with the soldiers themselves. Russia's regiments to-day are in an anomalous condition. In some, indeed, the officers have a real authority, but in others the authority is only superficial, while in still other regiments the officers are allowed hardly a pretense of command. In most cases, however, the real power lies in the soldiers' committees. These committees deal with such offenses as desertion and fraternization with the enemy, which they punish with flogging. As to fraternization, by the way, the press has been officially told that this has stopped, but the fact that Ministers and public men continue to denounce it in their speeches would seem to throw some doubt on this assertion. Pretty certainly, however, there is much less of it than there was seven or eight weeks ago. One reason for the diminution is that the Russians have learned from bitter experience that the brotherly love expressed by the Germans was not genuine, and was usually merely expressed as a ruse to get information in regard to the Russian positions and morale.

The division of the army along the same cleavage that has split all Russia has resulted in a most peculiar state of affairs. In the interior of the country many bands of soldiers are faithfully drilling, while other bands are idling and even looting. Many liquor storehouses have been broken open, and, of course, outrageous debauches have ensued. There have been not a few deaths from acute alcoholism reported in the newspapers.

The garrison of Tsaritsin, a town on the river Volga, recently decided that they had been underpaid, and voted to themselves and their families a lump sum of a million and a half rubles. Since the Government, of course, would not meet their absurd demand, these soldiers stopped and confiscated many grain barges on the Volga, using the grain for their own enrichment at the expense of all Russia. Other bands of soldiers traveling through Russia on the railway trains have arbitrarily ordered certain cars detached and left behind in order that the locomotive might draw more rapidly the cars in which rode the soldiers. And no doubt Americans have heard of the fights between soldiers—some going to the front, and others leaving it. The most noteworthy case occurred when a body of Russian infantry fired on its own artillery because the Slavs with the big guns insisted on shelling the Germans! "Leave our German brothers alone," said the foot-soldiers. "Besides, if you shell them they will attack us." So the Russian gunners stopped firing, and the offended infantrymen went on playing cards and chewing sunflower seeds. So far as a military offensive is concerned, there is in Russia to-day a great deal of the spirit of "Let George do it."

So much for the dark side of the picture. The bright side is due to the existence of a strong war party which is exerting every effort to recruit its own strength.

First of all, there are five million fighting Cossacks who have taken an oath to continue this war so long as Russia's allies continue it. They have been joined in this vow by great masses of Siberians—how many I do not know, but I do know that, like the Cossacks, they are excellent soldiers. Then there are 500,000 Poles to be counted in. Furthermore, there are the members of Russia's famous Guard regiments, which are nearly solid for the war, and there are also many Little Russians just as eager to go on fighting. These military elements have the civil leadership and support of most of Russia's *intelligentsia* citizens, found in large numbers in such parties as the Cadet party of Milyukov and the Octobrist party of Guchkoff.

Last, but not least, there are many peasants for the war, and, fortunately, it seems that the number of such persons is increasing. The peasants have not yet had an opportunity to express themselves as adequately and in such an organized way as other elements in Russia's population, and the whole country is anxiously waiting to see what the peasants will do. It may be they who will decide whether Russia will fight.

In view of this enumeration of the rather formidable array of the elements for the war in the army and within the whole country, it may be asked where the pacifists get their strength. This seems to come principally from the districts to the southeast, east, and northeast of Petrograd, within European Russia, and from the Baltic region. In particular, the young infantrymen drawn from these districts are affected with the contagious pacifism. Also, oddly enough, it seems to be mainly the young men who have not been to the front who are against the war. Most of the old soldiers are "game," and one never finds a pacifist among the men who have tasted German lead or steel. In general, the artillery is for the war, and even more so is the cavalry, which is composed largely of Cossacks. The disaffection principally concerns the infantry. As a sheer guess, one might hazard the estimate that sixty-five per cent of the army is for war and thirty-five per cent for peace.

Unfortunately, the Germans, whose diplomacy has blundered more than once since August, 1914, have been unpleasantly astute in this crisis. Such a German offensive against Russia as many observers expected after the Russian Revolution would have saved the Russian situation for the Allies. A German offensive to-day would unite all Russia against the enemy. The Germans realize this and keep hands off. They have withdrawn more than half a million men from the Russian front for use in the west. Their eastern lines are held largely by old reservists and by cannon captured from the Slavs. "Russia?" one may imagine the Germans saying. "Oh, let her rot, let her rot!"

Since there seems no hope that the Germans will save the situation by attacking, it remains to be hoped that enough of the Russian army can be pulled together to launch some sort of an offensive, even a small one. This might have much the same effect in rousing the sleeping Slav giant from his lethargy as a German advance. The German lines are thin, and three or four Russian army corps might be enough to start a landslide. But the offensive at first need not be serious, so far as the extent of ground recaptured is concerned. All that is needed to begin with is enough action to stir the nation's pulses, to remind her that she has more important work on hand than the mouthing of silly phrases about *svoboda* (liberty) and the drowsy munching of the narcotic sunflower seeds.

Russia just now is in what Arno Dosch-Fleurot, the correspondent of the New York "World," well calls an "accumulating situation." The nation is coming to grips with herself; the forces for war and the forces for peace are determined to know which shall prevail.

Whether Russia is to fight again or not depends on the outcome of the social and political struggle within the nation. There is a good deal of reason to believe that the next few weeks may be critical and that before the end of the summer Russia may seize one horn or the other of her dilemma.

But even if Russia makes the decision which we Americans hope she will make, she will hardly be able to begin effective fighting at once. My own guess is that for the next year at least Russia cannot be counted on as much of a menace to Germany. We Americans have come into the game just in time to substitute for weakened Russia.

Petrograd, June 20, 1917.

"ANYWHERE IN FRANCE"

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Nothing quite like Mr. Finley's journey to France, which he has recently completed, has ever happened before. Not exactly an envoy of the American Government, he was nevertheless an envoy of organized democracy in America. There is nothing more democratic in the United States than its system of public education; and it was as a bearer of messages of good will from the schools of America to the schools of France that Mr. Finley went. He carried with him messages of high regard to the educational institutions of France from universities and colleges in America. Mr. Finley is head of the educational system of the State of New York, and is President of the University of the State. He carried officially with him the greetings of the Regents of the University and also the greetings of the President of the United States to the school-teachers and the children of France. And, returning, President Finley has brought back to this country word as to the spirit in which the schools and the teachers of France have borne themselves in the exigencies of the war.—THE EDITORS.

I REFRAIN from naming the particular city in France, not because the disclosure of the name would betray any secrets to an enemy, but because, while the particular city which I have in mind has an honorable name and a distinguished history, the conditions of which I write belong in general to all cities of its size in France.

At the station I had intimation that I was expected, for though it was a warm June day and at a midday hour, a group of men in black frock coats (but not in full evening dress, the costume in certain other cities on my high-noon arrival) were waiting on the platform to receive a stranger. As most of the alighting passengers were officers or women in mourning, and as I, in all the hurrying throng, lacked the mustache or the beard of the mature French citizen, I was easily identified as the American for whom they were waiting with such anxious courtesy and concealed bodily discomfort.

It was indeed a happy distinction to be an "American" in France at that moment. When I passed that way six years before, I was an "exchange professor," and I found my own way without such ceremonious attention. But now our world "exchange professor," Woodrow Wilson, has made every French school-child gratefully familiar with at least one American name. (In one school which I had a few days before visited in Paris, wishing to evoke the name of Lafayette, I asked who was a great friend of Washington, and the answer was "Wilson.") It was rumored that this American bore some word of greeting from this hero who was already semi-legendary. Moreover, it was in the days when all France was eagerly awaiting the arrival of General Pershing (whose name all were trying "to frame to pronounce aright"), and any American fresh from the ocean was welcome as a forerunner of the returning American Lafayette, as a dean of law called him when I had the honor later to present this scholar, and with pride, to "*mon Général*."

The "sortie" (the exit) at the railway station, whose French name is one of the first French words with which the Americans will become familiar, was congested, for an exclusively military train packed with soldiers returning from the front on "permission" had arrived only a few moments before ours; but there was no noisy demonstration, no shouting, no weeping. Indeed, one is constantly amazed by the quietude and dignity of the daily life of the French under the provocations of joy or sorrow. Sometimes there was the ceremonious kiss upon both cheeks and a solemn joyful exchange of glances. But the gray-blue mass was soon lost in the narrow streets, the home trenches of the old city. If one could but hear what the tired thousands of soldiers, who make that great restless sea of gray-blue that ebbs and flows upon the bloody shores at the north, say to those nearest and dearest to them, one could tell the real human story of this war.

As it was a Sunday and there were no schools in session, I was driven to see, on a hill a few miles distant, a monument, the tribute of a member of Napoleon's staff to his chief. It represented the awakening of the Emperor from his long sleep, a fantastic bronze which must evoke the thought in many a visitor as to what the Emperor would say if only he could actually wake and see what is going fiercely on near his old Waterloo.

But there proved to be something on the way to the hill-top grove that was to me of greater interest than any memorial of Napoleon, and of more promise to France than his awakening. It was a village school, the nearest approach to our boasted and loved little red school-house, for there are no country schools in

France. At any rate, in all my travels of twenty-five hundred miles I did not see a counterpart of our little lone open-country frame hut for which I am always looking when I travel in my own State. The country schools in France are in hamlets or villages, huddled against a hill or by some stream, usually around a château or a towering church, where the peasants gathered for shelter and protection and sociability by night in earlier times, however far they traveled to cultivate their fields by day.

The schoolmaster was sitting in front of his school-house, his wife at his side, resting in the afternoon of his holiday, for the master lives in his school, and the children are but his larger family. So far as my observation went, the school is generally the schoolmaster's home, and his business is quite as seriously important to him as that of the Minister of Public Instruction or of the Prefect is to him. This one room was a microcosm of France, and here her wealth was represented in specimens and her history remembered in pictures and in legends upon the walls. What impressed me most was the care with which the master had prepared for his next week's work. There, in a book most scrupulously kept, was the whole programme, showing what he intended to cover during the next few days in morals, in civics, in history, in arithmetic, etc. There is nominally compulsory attendance up to the age of thirteen, but there is no such central insistence as here. In looking over the records I noticed that some days were clear of absent marks, while other columns were cloudy with them. I asked the reasons, and learned that the fair days in the record were rainy days outside, when all the children could be in the school, and that the cloudy days in the book were fair days outside when some had to be in the fields. Which reminds me of the observation of a Sister of Charity, who said, "We cannot pray for God's beautiful moonlight nights, since they are the best nights for the murderous air raids."

The school yard was planted in vegetables, but they had not completely crowded out the roses, some of which, called "*La Gloire de —*," were paying their fragrant summer homage to the women of France. And out somewhere in the edge of the village there was a large tract which the children were cultivating as a school for the use of the community or the state in its possible hunger.

This village was not far from where grapes are grown of which the most famous wines of France have in the past been made, but in the little school there was very conspicuous advice in posters concerning the ill effects of alcohol.

It is such a schoolmaster as this sturdy man (who had been at the front and had come back to his duties again) who becomes, especially in such times as these, a representative of the Government for giving official information or making appeal to the people in matters of common concern, such as the gathering of gold, the subscriptions for such loans as our Liberty Loan, the care of fields, protection against pests, provision for orphans, and so on. And sometimes, I suspect, he is also the mayor of the community; at least I found one village school in the *mairie*, where I had gone to find the parish records, and the mayor-schoolmaster was teaching the little group of boys. That was several years ago, and I suppose the boys in their black smocks are all now on their way to the front, if not actually there in their uniforms.

I have been wishing that the State of New York could be redistricted so that every school might be, when it is physically possible, the natural social, industrial, and religious community center. But happily the legislation of the last winter, known as

the Rural School Bill, is a long step in the direction of giving the country children the advantages of those who live in the more populous centers, with all the advantages of the other, of nature's teaching through her curriculum, the seasons' round.

The hospitable spirit of those who received me prepared a modest dinner in the evening. The *Recteur* could not be there, for he had lost his son in the war, and the boy's mother had suddenly died—of grief, as I suspected. But the dean of science spoke for him, though he too had an anxiety, if not a sorrow, at his heart, for his boy had not been heard from for some time; and there was not a father at the table who had not a like sorrow or anxiety—a prophecy of our nearer sorrows and anxieties if this struggle goes on another year. For it will not be long before there will be material for such a book about American university men and the war as the *Recteur* of a French university has written of France's youth.

The dean, a modest scientist, but of great achievement, made an address, at the heart of which was this sentence: "Messieurs, I am not of those who believe in the omnipotence of the ashlar [*i. e.*, of the mechanical, the material], and when I think of our hecatombs I have a very clear impression that the only ashlar whose need will be felt to-morrow will be *men*."

The next morning I went at an early hour to see an elementary school (*école primaire*), where, to my surprise, several hundred—almost a thousand—children had been gathered in the yard of the school to receive the visiting American. Many brought flowers—red, white, and blue—and all cried "*Vive l'Amérique!*" Then the inspector made an eloquent address, which won liberal applause, but somewhat puzzled the American, who could make only a stumbling answer. Then all the little ones with their teachers passed before me, every child making a bow. (It was, I think, in another school, and not in this one, that all the boys saluted, and I recall my confusion in not knowing just how to return the French salute.) I then followed the children into their places of recitation, and in more than one room I found this poster placed where every pupil could see it when his eye (or hers) looked up from the book:¹

FRANÇAIS! ton Sol est souillé!
Qu'as-tu fait hier? pour contribuer
Que feras-tu aujourd'hui et demain? à le libérer
Réponds aux MORTS qui t'interrogent!
"PAIX par la VICTOIRE seulement"

This is an intimation of the way in which devotion to country is taught, and if there is to be a criticism of the content of the teaching it is that it keeps itself largely on the *sol* of France.

In many a school-room of France there hangs the portrait of a teacher who has gone and has not returned. These *morts* especially make *interrogation*, and to them the children have daily to make answer, as they do in that very school, where, in a room from which one of the masters had gone to die in the trenches—a room that is known by his name—there hangs his portrait, and beneath it are placed every day fresh flowers by his old pupils or those who have come to take their places in the endless procession.

I have often expressed the wish that I might, when my time

¹ People of France, your soil is profaned!
 What did you do yesterday? } To help
 What will you do to-day and to-morrow? } free it.
 Reply to the dead who ask you.
 "Peace by Victory alone."

comes, be buried beneath a school-house, that I might hear the tread of the feet of those on their way to the better State, for which the school seeks to prepare the way; but I think one would choose rather such a grave as many a teacher of France has found, giving his life for the things that he has tried to teach. And thirty thousand, I am told, have gone out from the elementary schools alone to this service. How many have met their death I do not know, except that the percentage is a heavy and a heroic one.

After this visit to the school I went to the university to confer with the professors there about practical steps looking toward bringing the universities of France and America into a closer co-operation, and particularly to speak of one plan which has been initiated here by Dean Wigmore and a hundred of our foremost men of science, art, and letters. And we talked, too, of the need that must come throughout our country for more teachers of French in that day toward which we all look *après la guerre*.

I found, however, that this meeting was but a preface to a larger assembly to which all or most of the teachers of the city had been invited. Remembering still the child's love of a holiday, I am sure that all the children of this unnamed city were grateful for the coming of this American, for they were given a holiday because of his presence—or perhaps it was only a half-holiday.

I was with some formality led into a most stately hall which I had not been permitted to enter when I was before in this city. It was a sort of academic Holy of Holies, and well it might be so considered by the world, for it was the assembly hall of the Academy de —, in which the learned men of long ago had heard the thesis entitled "The Influence of Science and Art upon Morals," and had awarded to it the prize of the Academy. I shall not be able to conceal the identity of its author from those who know this discourse, which was the precursor of the famous "Émile"—a philosopher whose influence once filled Germany too, and whose image, free of the passions which possessed this great teacher, looked placidly down that morning upon this assembly of teachers. On the opposite wall was the portrait bust of another born in this same city who remains in fame as the greatest of French orators.

In this august and historic hall I was permitted to present the messages from more than one hundred American universities and colleges, gathered into an address under the title which a sentence from President Butler's letter has given: "To the Flower of France, and therefore of Modern Civilization." And, hearing the response from the *Recteur*, who spoke for the living, fighting, sorrowing, aspiring France, I felt that Rousseau and Bossuet too were speaking for the old France—and all for the finer France that is to rise from the trenches.

While the reception varied in detail from city to city, and while in some cities I visited schools of other types, as schools for teachers, *lycées*, technical training schools, schools for the re-education of the wounded, and still others—everywhere the same spirit of eagerness to express the sentiments which they had in their hearts for America was revealed.

But what most stirred me was the serious, determined way in which the teachers went on with their work, filling the gaps, and not only maintaining the efficiency of the school as best they could, but undertaking everywhere other patriotic service.

As I have already intimated, but cannot too often say, France is not forgetting the intellectual training of her children and youth in the midst of her peril and sorrow. She is making immortal struggle and immortal sacrifice in the trenches and barbed fields, but she is steadfastly, heroically, maintaining her places of moral and intellectual discipline as essential to the perpetuation of the very things she is fighting for. The able-bodied men must all go to her defense; the women must do the work on the farms and in the streets, and must help even in the factories; but the children must not be deprived of their heritage. At first many school buildings had to be taken for use as hospitals; but gradually other places were found for the sick and wounded that the schools might go on; for democracy herself would perish without these—the flame of France's supreme gift would go out.

And must not; for this flame or spirit, as Voltaire said of it

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINED NST

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS KEEPING THEMSELVES IN CONDITION FOR THE WAR'S WORK

Every man on whose shoulders rest the responsibilities of the war feels the need of keeping in prime physical condition. To this end several members of the Cabinet and many Government officials are in training in Washington under the direction of Walter Camp, the well-known Yale athlete and trainer



(C) HARRIS & EWING

WALTER CAMP, WHO IS HELPING TO KEEP OUR OFFICIALS PHYSICALLY FIT

Some of Mr. Camp's pupils are seen in the picture at the left



(C) AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

ROLAND S. MORRIS, AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN

Mr. Morris succeeds the late George W. Guthrie in this important post. He was born in Olympia, Washington, forty-three years ago, is a graduate of Princeton, and has practiced law in Philadelphia since 1899



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

EDWARD N. HURLEY

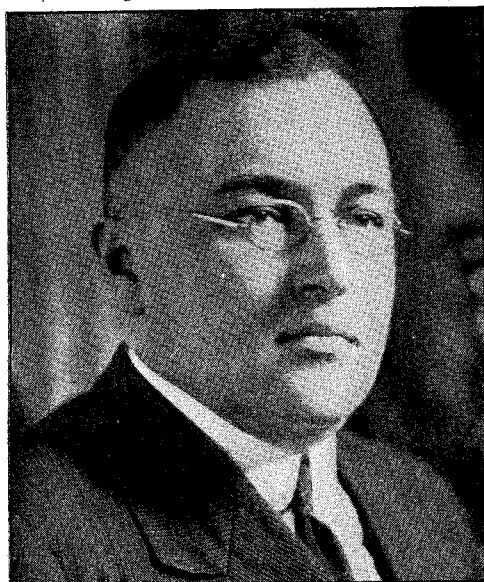
Mr. Hurley is the new Chairman of the Shipping Board, and succeeds William Denham in that office, as a result of the President's intervention in the deadlock in the Board



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

WASHINGTON LEE CAPPS

Admiral Capps, formerly Chief Constructor of the Navy, succeeds General Goethals as general manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation



CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

M. BORIS BAKHMETIEFF, NEW RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

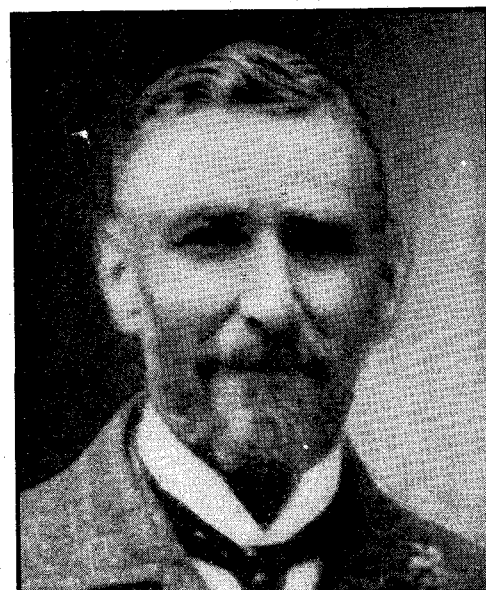
M. Bakhmetieff is the first accredited Ambassador from the new Russian democratic Government. He has been Assistant Minister of Commerce and Trade under the Revolutionary régime, following his years of service as a member of the faculty of the Petrograd Polytechnic Institute



(C) PAUL THOMPSON

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS, THE FAMOUS CARTOONIST, VISITS AMERICA

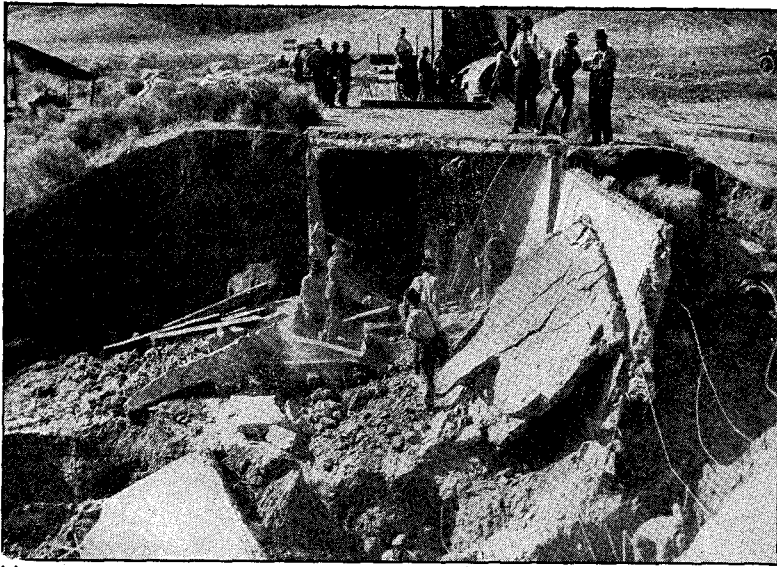
In coming to this country Mr. Raemaekers has braved the submarines and risked capture by the German authorities who once put a price on his head. He comes here because he believes that we are to play a great part in the struggle, and he wishes to emphasize that part in his cartoons henceforth



BAIN NEWS SERVICE

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT, CHAIRMAN OF THE IRISH CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

The election of Sir Horace Plunkett to the Chairmanship of the Convention is regarded as an excellent augury, as he has the confidence of all parties in the Convention and is well liked by all classes of Irishmen



(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

LOS ANGELES' GREAT AQUEDUCT DAMAGED

The huge break shown was at first believed to have been made with dynamite, with the intent to cripple the city's water supply system, which was completed in 1914 at great cost. Later investigation indicates that the break may have been due to other causes.



(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE NEW TERRORS OF WAR—THROWING LIQUID FIRE ON THE ENEMY

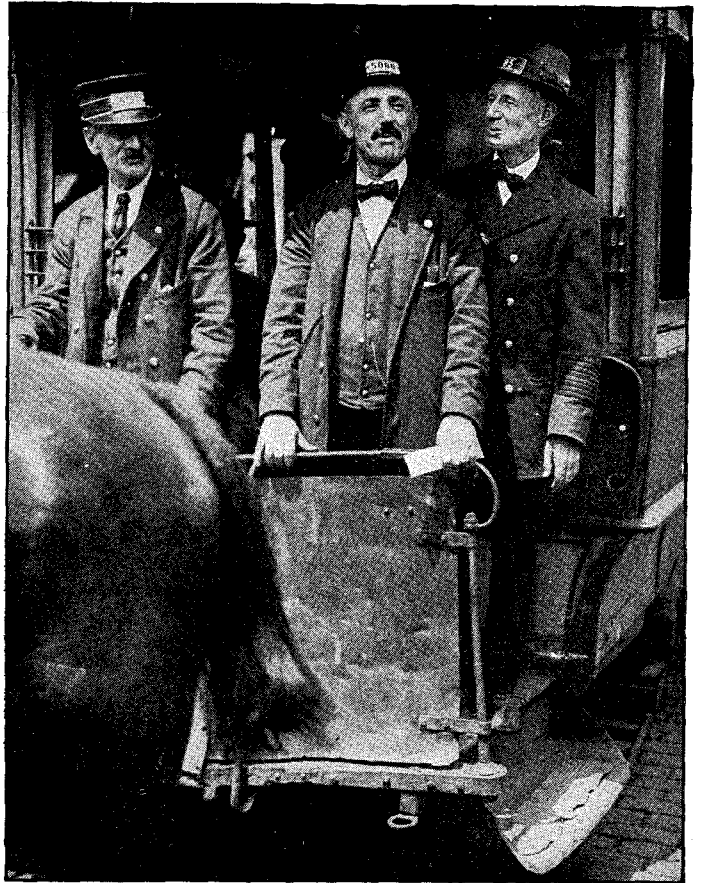
The feat of the "Arabian Nights" genie who fought his enemy by transforming himself into a cloud of destroying fire has a modern parallel in the operations by which to-day vast quantities of suffocating gas, smoke, and flames are hurled toward the trenches of the enemy. The photograph comes to us as an instantaneous one, taken by daylight in a trench at the French front.



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

IN THE CAMP FOR INTERNED GERMANS AT HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

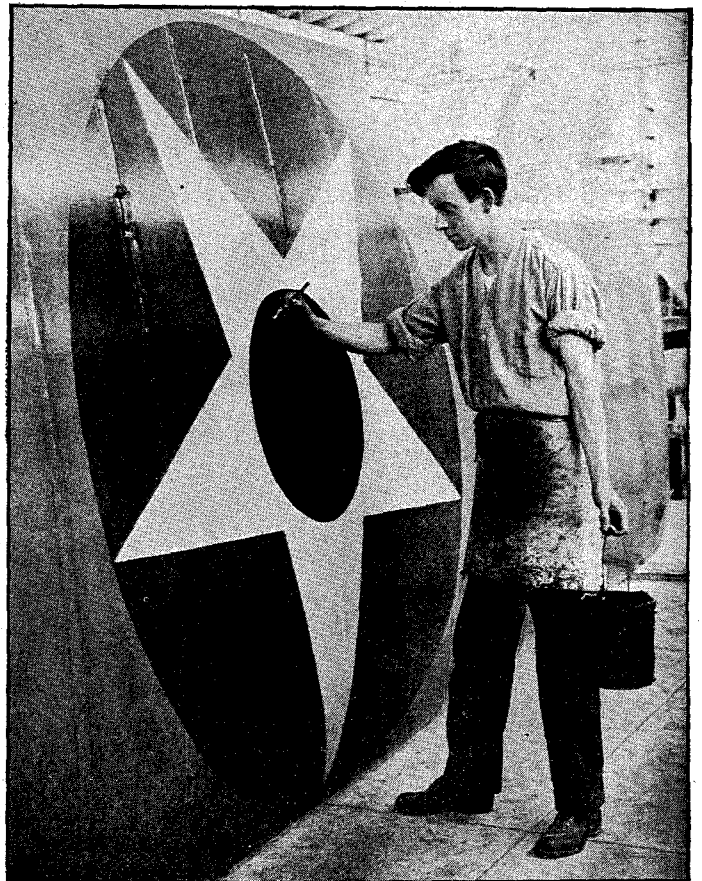
This is the occupation—chess-playing—that naturally befits the studious German, and Americans would be glad if all Germans confined themselves to such harmless pursuits. That these prisoners have the privilege of enjoying themselves in this way illustrates what President Wilson has said—that Americans have only good will towards Germans when they conduct themselves properly.



(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE LAST TRIP OF NEW YORK'S LAST HORSE CAR

On July 26 New York City saw its last horse car retired. This antiquated system of conveyance had survived in New York probably longer than in any other large city in the world. In the photograph, left to right, are James Cusick, driver, 64 years old; Victor Israel, conductor, 53 years old; and Rubin Rice, starter, 66 years old—all veterans in the street car service. The car belonged to the old Bleecker Street line.



(C) AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

PAINTING THE EMBLEM OF ONE OF AMERICA'S PROSPECTIVE GREAT FLEET OF AIRPLANES

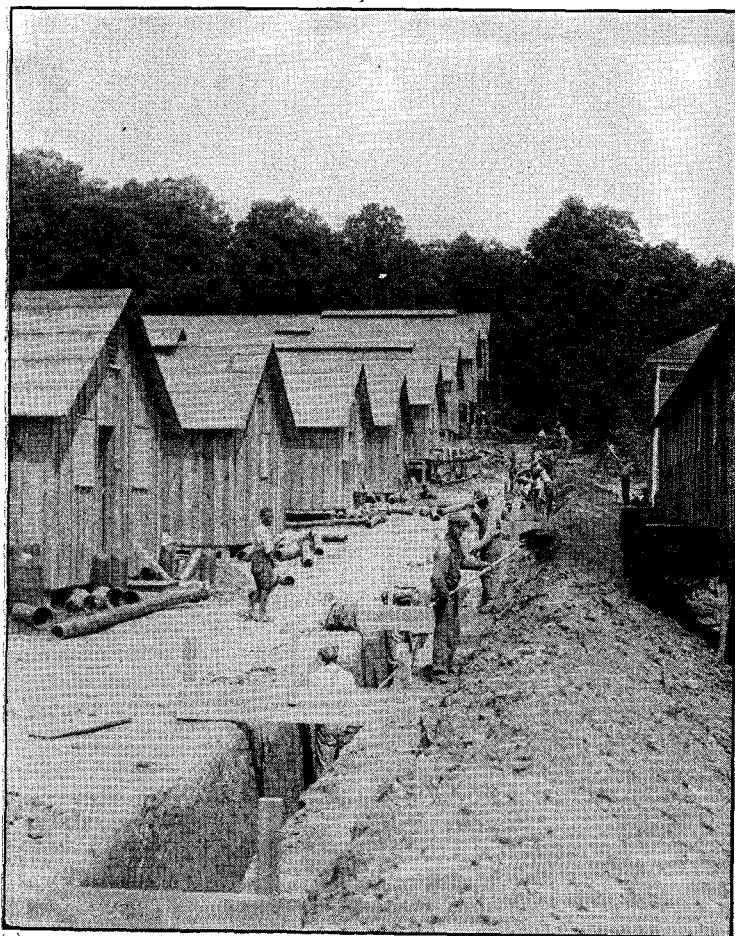
The star is painted on the wings of the airplanes that are to carry hope to the cause of the Allies. The vast sum of \$640,000,000 has been appropriated by the United States Government for building these flying machines.



(C) AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

DIGGING TRENCHES AT THE TRAINING CAMP FOR OFFICERS AT PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK

The amazing development of trench warfare in Europe makes it necessary that systematic training, such as is indicated above, both in the theory and practice of this art, should be had by officers of our prospective army



(C) HARRIS & EWING

MODERN PLUMBING ARRANGEMENTS FOR A TRAINING CAMP

The picture shows the thorough sanitation that is to be provided for the training camp of the Marine Corps at Quantico, Virginia. The camp will have 250 buildings; only 50 men are to be housed in each building, in order to prevent any possible spread of contagious disease



(C) AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS AT PLATTSBURG LEARNING TO USE WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS IN PREPARATION FOR REAL WARFARE

Wire entanglements have largely displaced other forms of military obstacles, such as the fraise, chevaux-de-frise, and "crow's-feet." Barbed wire, for the time and labor involved, furnishes the most effective means of delaying a foe's progress

in his day, is the "candle of Europe." In how many dim school-rooms have I seen it shining—this light against whose blowing out England's hand would, as Voltaire said, be as a screen. The winds from the northeast have been furious; houses, trees, schools, churches, have been blown down; teachers, priests, sisters, and children have found shelter wherever a wall or roof could give protection against the fury, and, gathered about the precious flame, which now our hand has also been lifted to screen, they have gone quietly, bravely on.

In the midst of one city I saw the ruins of an elementary school building about which shells began to fall one morning when the children (about two hundred, as I recall) were in the school. The master hurried them all to the cellar after the first shell had fallen near the building, but, realizing that its walls might not be strong enough to give full protection, he made estimate of the interval between the shells, got the children in order for leaving, and the moment after the explosion of the third shell marched them to a place of safety, in the basement of a synagogue with stout walls, seventy paces or more distant. The next shell penetrated to the cellar which the children had just left, and wrecked the building. Except for the presence of mind of this teacher the children would doubtless

all have been killed or injured. I said to the *Recteur*, with whom I went to see the school, that this master should have been decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*. "No," he said; "that is what every teacher would have done." I have reason to think that this heroic spirit is indeed characteristic of the teachers of France, and that they as a class are as deserving of the *Croix de Guerre* or the *fourrag  rie*, as individuals or regiments at the front.

Between the writing of this article and the reading of the first proofs, word has come through the daily papers that the long gun of the Germans is again trained on the beautiful city in which I saw this ruin of a school. I can imagine the anxiety of the people, for I was there during two air raids myself, but I am happily able also to visualize their courageous going on with their daily struggle. I can see the Prefect (Mirman), a former teacher of mathematics, busied at his desk or standing by a grave or ministering to the suffering. I can see his capable wife giving comfort and help to the refugee women and children. And I can see the noble *Recteur* carrying the light to a new shelter. And how one wishes to put his hand beside those in such humane and divine ministries!

HOW THE RECTOR RECOVERED

BY RALPH M. HARPER

THE Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones, rector of All Saints', Timbuctoo, was sick. He had just spent the most strenuous, and therefore he complacently assumed the most useful, Lenten season of his ministry. He had made many stirring addresses, conducted innumerable devotional services, visited the assumed sick, counseled the troubled in spirit, and had most conscientiously and painstakingly patted all the troubles in the women's organizations on the back. Now Lent was over; and just as All Saints' workers were about to breathe a deep sigh of relief in welcome of the rest awaiting them, it was announced that the Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones was sick.

There was a report that the rector's voice had been irreparably harmed by overexertion. Some people said that his mind had been weakened by thinking so much along one line. Others surmised that his body, through lack of the right exercise, had been damaged beyond repair. Many good women of All Saints' parish came daily to the rectory with their messages of sympathy, and, incidentally, with their pet explanations as to why the rector was sick and how he could recover. And they did not object if, while they were calling, the doctor made his appearance, or the sexton, or anybody or anything that contained a possibility of news about the Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones. The lady rector listened with reverent attention to these messages of sympathy until one woman held her chin up high and spoke in a tone of voice that assumed an omniscient understanding of all things in heaven, on the earth, and under the earth.

"Well, I know what the trouble with rector is. He has no executive ability. He unselfishly shoulders all the work instead of sharing it with his congregation."

"Great heavens, Mrs. Noall, don't repeat that!"

"I said it from the kindness of my heart. I meant no disrespect to the rector."

"No disrespect to the rector!" exclaimed the lady rector. "I am the person who will suffer. If the rector believed what you say to be true and were to express his executive instinct"—here the lady rector paused to let her imagination picture the result in an organization made for every communicant, and a communicant landed in each new organization: no more mornings for meditation and study; no more afternoons for the leisurely and friendly parish visiting when the souls of the rector and his people are mutually refreshed and strengthened to attend to their own business instead of being quickened to reform the business of others; no more evenings for mutual recreation and love, evenings for that home rest which gives

one zest in facing to-morrow's tasks and considerate charity toward the failures of the day that is gone. "If the rector really believed what you say to be true and were to act"—this time the lady rector's face relaxed from its despairing seriousness into a quizzical smile—"I should say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart from this world in peace.'"

The trouble, the lady rector assured the senior warden, was not caused by the rector using his voice too much. The Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones had once made a thorough study of the voice, and had learned that the voice, provided it is rightly used and is expressing a real message from one's own experience, cannot be harmed by the most strenuous season of Lent. No one doubted that the rector had a good voice, but few held his confidence that, unlike many clergymen who suffer many things of many elocutionary physicians, he had once found the ideal voice teacher. The substance of that teacher's instruction was in a patient cultivation of the observing mind and listening ear on the part of the rector, and in an everlasting encouragement of an independent, critical, and sensitive spirit on the part of the lady rector. "Listen," said this ideal teacher, "to all the criticism that any outsider may make, but listen with discrimination, lest you suffer many things of many amateur physicians."

The lady rector was certain that her constant criticism and the rector's open-mindedness had not produced a perfect voice, but had at least removed all question of vocal catastrophe.

Still the rector continued to be sick.

His condition became so critical that the lady rector was in despair. She confided to the rector that she was utterly exhausted with remedies. The successors of Job's ancient friends had been besieging the rectory night and day, over the telephone, by letters, through intimate friends. One suggested a quiet, restful vacation in the country; another, a city gymnasium. One was sure of a new patent medicine; another, of an old family remedy. One man, who had evidently retired before he had ever entered into any business, banked on the relaxation of a jolly trip in the sunny South; another man, who also was a member in good standing of the endowed class of the unemployed, suggested a year abroad.

In the midst of this well-nigh hopeless despair over his increasing weakness the rector one afternoon took a nap.

And he dreamed a dream.

An angel suddenly appeared and told him that all of his troubles would soon be solved and his sickness once and for all time cured, for he was immediately to be taken to a noted

specialist on the principal golden boulevard of heaven. The Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones was pleasantly surprised over the splendor and magnificence of the heavenly mansion into which he was ushered. He himself had several times preached on the subject, and had often wondered whether or not he were over-drawing the beautiful scene. Now, at one brief glance, he was convinced that the half, even in his own sermons, had never yet been told. And he was still more surprised, though not quite so pleasantly, when the angel said:

"I have brought you to the Peniel Palace to consult one of the most eminent specialists in heaven, St. Jacob."

The Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones would not have been surprised had the angel said St. Paul, for that would mean that he would be advised to devote more of his time to study and to a more thorough preparation of his sermons; or St. Peter, for that would mean he should use less thought and more emotion, should appeal more to the congregation's heart than to its head; or St. James, for that would mean more parish visiting, the pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father. But to be ushered into the presence of this crafty son of Isaac, this man who had put one over his brother Esau, not only perplexed the Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones but made him question whether there was not a joke up the angel's sleeve. This perplexing question was instantly set at ease the moment Jacob appeared. Traces of the old craftiness and cunning were still present in the face of this son of Isaac, but through long years of intense hardship, miserable failure, and indomitable perseverance, they were harmoniously blended in him who had striven with God and with man and had prevailed.

"Glad to see you, Jones; glad to see you," said Jacob, in a friendly, manly way. "Now sit down and tell me just what's the trouble."

The Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones surprised himself as he threw aside all reserve and told Jacob the whole story.

"I have been so long at the call of Tom, Dick, and Harry that I am not myself. I am apparently running an amazing number of organizations. In reality, they are running me. I am preaching the most astounding sermons so that the faithful in All Saints' congregation down in Timbuctoo speak with an affectionate reverence of their rector's learning; but"—here the rector of All Saints' spoke quite sadly—"this knowledge is all second-hand. I have never tested it, and am uncertain whether it is all good. It is storage, and the Timbuctoo congregations seem to prefer it storage. It is a more standardized commodity. It may be all right, but, good Lord, there is no zest for one to dole it out. I am simply not myself."

"Why don't you be yourself?" Jacob asked, quietly.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because my academic and theological education have molded me into a standardized size, and All Saints' congregation expects me to preach without any deviation to the right or to the left of the faith once and for all delivered unto the saints."

"Take this from me, Jones, about your real congregation. Your people as a whole want you to be yourself. They, too, have the same problem that you have. They have the same temptation. For social and business reasons more of the conventions of society restrict them than restrict you. They are looking for you to blaze the way toward a larger freedom. As you blaze the way you will be gratified in finding some of Timbuctoo's leading men and women already ahead of you on the same job. You will not be lonely, but will find yourself in the midst of many brethren. But, in any case, blaze the way. Be not only a priest but a prophet."

"What about adverse criticism?" meekly inquired the Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones as he imagined Mrs. Noall leading a formidable army of critics.

Jacob's expression grew stern and his words about some critics would hardly bear repetition. They were startling, especially since they were spoken in heaven. The Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones had shunned the users of such language down on earth, but now he realized that there is a time for everything under heaven and even in heaven.

After Jacob regained control of his indignation he spoke in a quieter tone:

"I do not criticise critics as a whole. I welcome them. I welcome the strongest opposition. When two good men honestly differ, the question is not who is right and who is wrong. The real question is, What contribution does each man have to offer? We need much more honest criticism than we now have, much more. I personally am intolerant over just one set of critics. I might grant that they have their rightful place in the general scheme of things, but, if I do this, I shall assume that I was created to fight them eternally. I detest the man who never finds any surprises, who never learns anything new, who never gets waked up, who forever harps about the faith once and for all delivered unto the saints. This is an ennobling doctrine, provided one goes deep enough to question what sort of faith the saints possessed and the hard, rough road by which they came to their possession.

"I know about the saints' faith. That's why you were brought to me, Jones. And that's why I am now canonized as St. Jacob. I have blundered a good deal and have been blundered at a good deal more. Father Isaac wanted me to be a hunter, and brother Esau laughed at me because I did not do as my father wished. He had another laugh coming when I put one over him as our father made his will. Of course I lied. I do not defend it, but the wrong would never have been done had our father not insisted that his two boys' personalities be shaped alike in the hunter's mold. Uncle Laban, too, made this same mistake. He tried to make me a farmer like himself, I admit I did wrong in cheating him, but he, too, has an account to settle for taking advantage of my love for Rachel in depriving me of my personal freedom. But, with all of these handicaps, I never gave up hope of being myself. I persevered and kept on trying to be myself, even when I wrestled all night in the darkness with a stranger whom I afterwards found to be an angel. Now I realize that all of my shortcomings and handicaps were transformed by my iron will into the man that Jehovah of Hosts intended me to be, so that for all eternity there is written after my name these welcomed words, He has striven with God and with man, and has prevailed.

"Be yourself, Jones. Be yourself. It is far better than old remedies, more efficacious than new medicines, cheaper than many physicians. There is infinite efficiency in the expulsive power of some new personal affection. There is undreamed of efficacy in the expression of any moral idea in a personal life, provided the idea is incarnated in you and in you alone. The ancient cry is forever sounding in men's ears, 'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.' Rise up and assert your old-time strength. Be yourself *now*."

The Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones suddenly awoke as he found his hands gripping the posts of the bed as if they were pillars in the Philistine temple of Dagon.

And lo! it was only a dream.

He resolved it should be more than a dream. He appeared before All Saints' congregation the following Sunday and preached with the simplicity of power. His subject was "Naturalness; or, The Art of Being One's Self." He was now a perfectly well man. As he told his people of his dream he seemed to be a new man, and he seemed to see a new congregation. As men passed out of the church at the close of the service they said little, but looked the Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones straight in the eye and gripped his hand with masculine strength.

Dear Mrs. Noall purposely waited to be the last to shake his hand. She was going to draw him out on how he recovered, so that she could gratuitously dispense the remedy far and wide, but something new and strange and strong in the Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones's face told her to be cautious. So she merely said, with exaggerated enthusiasm:

"That was a splendid sermon you preached this morning, Mr. Jones. How I wish all the men of Timbuctoo, including my own husband, could have heard what you said! We are so proud of our rector!"

The Rev. Mr. Jones had the words of a meek "Thank you" on his lips when the image of Jacob suddenly appeared and sternly whispered, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson."

Whereupon the Rev. Mr. Sonny Jones shocked Mrs. Noall with an exclamation having no ecclesiastical etymology:

"Oh, cut it out!"

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on *The Outlook* of August 1, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of *The Outlook* will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Our Disaster in Russia; Why this Russian Collapse?

Reference: Page 499.

Questions:

1. What are the facts about the Russian retreat as recorded in *The Outlook* for August 1? 2. This Russian retreat *The Outlook* feels keenly as an American disaster. Do you *feel* that way about it? Why is it an American disaster? 3. On what grounds does *The Outlook* explain this Russian collapse? 4. Ought military commands always to be obeyed without question or debate? 5. Suggest remedies for Russia's condition.

B. Topic: Siam Enters the War.

Reference: Page 500.

Questions:

1. Locate Siam. 2. How many different facts does *The Outlook* give about Siam and her entering the war? 3. Give *ten* additional facts about the Kingdom of Siam. 4. Make several comparisons between the Government of Siam and the German Government. What are the *absolute differences*? 5. Characterize the King of Siam, using the information given by *The Outlook* plus additional information. 6. Do you know where to find further particulars about Siam and her Government?

C. Topic: The First Step towards an Air Fleet.

Reference: Page 501.

Questions:

1. For a long time *The Outlook* has vigorously urged the United States to provide the money for the building of a huge air fleet. Can you give several reasons why it has done so? 2. Why is the supremacy of the air an absolute necessity in this war? 3. For what reasons may it be considered America's special duty to provide an adequate air fleet for this war? 4. Do you understand why there are comparatively so few serious flying accidents to-day? 5. What do you know about the following: the physical and moral strain in flying, the problems of navigating in the air, the different kinds of aircraft, the cost of airboats, the salary of pilots, air photography, aero exploration, aerial transportation, aerial batteries, air duels, and America's air achievements? [Note.—Every American should read "The Air Man," by Collins, very probably for the lay mind the best and most entertaining book on the subject. The more than fifty illustrations from photographs are a special feature of the book.]

II—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Topic: The Honor System of Eating in England.

Reference: Pages 512-514.

Questions:

1. Explain how an honor system of eat-

ing would be "one means of hastening the cessation of hostilities." 2. Tell why "the real food problem must always center among the poor of the city." 3. What is the individual's part in solving the food problem? 4. The Government's part?

III—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Call of the Nation.

Reference: Editorial, pages 504, 505.

Questions:

1. Discuss the following statements made by Dr. Abbott: "You are to have a part in the greatest task which has ever been given to men." "Do not imagine that only those serve their country who serve in the trenches." "Think twice before you drop your preparation for life." "We can all co-operate with our Government in the great endeavor." "We can create a public opinion, . . . for public opinion is not made by the newspapers." "We can enter upon our tasks . . . inspired by the high resolve that the world *war shall end in a world freedom and a world peace*" (italics mine). 2. Write an editorial of your own on the topic: "The Call of the Nation."

B. Topic: Make Haste; How Shall We Manage Our War Machine?

Reference: Editorial, pages 505, 506; also 508-511.

Questions:

1. Point out definitely how these two accounts of conditions at our National Capitol show that our temporary war organization is no longer adapted to the needs of America and her allies. 2. Analyze and explain the scheme of reorganization as set forth by Mr. Haskell. What do you think of it? 3. If for the duration of the war our country needs an effective managing body, why don't we get it? Why so much advice and such tardy execution? 4. What is the conclusion reached by Dr. Odell? How many parts has it? 5. Explain on what grounds he reaches his conclusion. 6. The *Outlook* says that the way in which this war is managed by America "will affect the happiness and the welfare of practically every household in the land." How so? 7. Is or is not the editorial on "Make Haste" an argument for autocracy? 8. Can you by definite illustration uphold *The Outlook's* contention that "delay injures our allies and aids the common enemy"?

IV—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of *The Outlook*, but not discussed in it.)

1. Indecision is worse than any decision. 2. Delays are unavoidable in a democracy. 3. Autocracy is necessary for the best interest of the German peoples. 4. America has no definitely established foreign policy.

V—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in *The Outlook* for August 1, 1917. After looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning in your own words.)

Traitors, thugs, repudiation, tentative, visionaries, doctrinaires, bureaucrats, peonage, eleemosynary, shysters, personnel, prorating, schedule, scrutinize.



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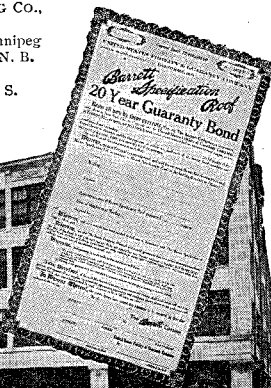
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THE READER'S VIEW

GOD A LOVER OF BEAUTY

In Dr. Abbott's wonderfully helpful "Knoll Paper" article in The Outlook of July 11, entitled "H. G. Wells's Great Discovery," he says: "In our study of the universe there are two sources from which we may hope to derive some information respecting the character of the being whom we call God. We may look to physical nature or we may look to human conduct and character." . . . May I briefly call attention to a characteristic of God the Creator, which may indubitably, it seems to me, be proved from observation of the physical world in our search for an "Outward God" in nature, namely, that our God is a *lover of beauty*. I leave to the poets of nature the task of pointing out to us and of expressing, as far as words may, the lines and colorings of beauty which are everywhere present in the world about us. But let me say this: life would seem intolerable to me, in the midst of tasks which are often uncongenial, if I were not able to see in the glimmer of the sunshine in every mud puddle, in the waving of the grass in every meadow, in the coloring of every bird and flower, in the shape of every leaf upon the tree, and in the movement of every wavelet in the brook, a proof of our Father's own delight in beauty of every description and his desire to minister to the sense of beauty in his children. I think that God's love can be proved in this; for is not beauty the outward expression of love?

W. B. S.

Hudson, Massachusetts.

"THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC"

Toward the end of the sessions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which met in Dallas, Texas, last May, a motion was before the house recommending that three or four of the National hymns be added to the edition of the Presbyterian Hymnal which is used in the chapel and Sunday-school services. Among these hymns to be added was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Immediately a member of the Assembly jumped to his feet and objected to having "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" added to the Hymnal on the ground that it contained the word "free," and he feared that the Southern brethren might take offense at this suggestion of slavery days. This member was a veteran from the North, and was foremost in the enterprise which resulted in the placing of a pole and the Stars and Stripes upon the roof of the church in which the Assembly met; but he was extremely anxious that nothing should occur in connection with the sessions of this Assembly which might offend the brethren south of Mason and Dixon's line.

No sooner had the objection been stated than the list of hymns as first named was accepted as worthy of a place in the Hymnal, and so ordered; and the interesting thing to be noted is that upon the evening of the same day, in connection with the largest popular meeting held during the sessions of the Assembly, the choir sang, among other National hymns, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." I was a member of this historic Assembly, the first one ever held in Texas, and my experience while traveling through the Southern States was that the people are loyal to the backbone, and

that no one need be afraid to speak out his sentiments as long as he manifests National loyalty, and not sectional hatreds or animosities.

W. H. VAIL.

Newark, New Jersey.

DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN LOYAL CITIZENS

As an American of German extraction, I cannot help registering my protest at the short-sightedness of your comment on what you call the "gross blunder" of the State Department caution to the American Red Cross in regard to Americans born in Germany or in the countries allied with her.

It would seem that there is more than sufficient cause for such a caution, and that any who may be affected by it would recognize the reasonableness of it and know that in this time when extreme care is necessary it is not necessarily a branding with a mark of suspicion all who are refused because of their close relation to Germany by birth, but rather a reasonable facing of the unquestioned fact that some such blood-sons of Germany will watch for just such an opening as the Red Cross will afford for the spy work for which Germany is noted. Moreover, is it not perfectly clear that a German name might be just as much a disqualification for the best co-operation with those who have been fighting Germans for three years as a red shirt would be for the man who wants to help herd the cattle among which are a savage bull or two?

There are plenty of places where Germans born or sons of Germans born can be used and still observe the caution that keeps them from being liable to become rocks in the machinery innocently, and helps shut the channels by which news of all our movements gets early to German authorities.

ERNEST E. YOUTZ.

Pilgrim Congregational Church,
Oakland, California.

[See our comment elsewhere on Mr. Britten's bill.—THE EDITORS.]

LOYALTY

I am a Catholic born in Ireland. I am dissatisfied with the stand the Catholic Church has taken in this war. Now, the leaders of the Catholic people in America are Irish. The Irish at home want a republic. The Irish in America ought to help preserve the Republic within which they live and of which they form a part. It is more than a suspicion that the governing body of the Church in Rome, which has been holding out for restoration of temporal power, is in sympathy with the aims and objects of Germany. Only the other day the papers had it that some Church dignitary was to go to Europe sailing the Papal flag—by grace of Germany. If I claimed heirship to the kingdom of Ireland, and the Kaiser sent me a personal letter that I might sail the ocean unmolested under the flag of Ireland, I would not do it. Why? Because I am not in sympathy with the aims or objects of Germany and the Kaiser. Personally, I believe that it is of more importance to the world that democracy should win this war than that the Pope should regain temporal power, or even than that the unity in government of the Catholic Church should be preserved.

JOHN B. ROONEY.

Training Camp,
Fort McPherson, Georgia.

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Dandelions. By Coulson T. Cade. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$1.50.

A story about the love affairs of two barons, father and son, and of their valet, Brains.

Empty House (The). The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.40.

This anonymous novel is an incisive yet moving study of feminine tendencies—some limited and morbid, others general and human. There is bitterness in the exposition of one type of American women, described by a foreign scientific observer as "the childless women of America, that destroy, that drive the American men furiously; these women, idle, never satisfied, always restless, seeking, offering, pursuing love—driving and driven to destruction by what they will not understand."

"Good-Morning, Rosamond?" By Constance Lindsay Skinner. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.35.

His Own Country. By Paul Kester. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

There is an obvious weak point here as to probability. A man partly of Negro blood when young left a Southern town where his father had been a slave, educated himself in Canada, where he became a doctor, a man of some wealth and of high reputation professionally, and successively married two white women. That such a man could be such an utter fool as to believe that he would be well received in "his own country" when he returned with the white wife and their children and bought his old master's place is absurd. In other ways the story stretches probabilities, and is also prolix, but it is often pleasing in the presentation of Southern types, including both aristocrats and "white trash." So far as it discusses race problems it would be a better book if the author showed evidence of the slightest knowledge about the effort made by Booker Washington, Hampton and Tuskegee, and their friends, North and South, black and white, to make a good man and a good citizen out of the Negro. He seems to have the idea that the friends of the Negro are chiefly occupied in advocating miscegenation and Negro supremacy.

EDUCATIONAL

Dynamic Factor in Education (A): The Children's Library. By Sophy H. Powell. With an Introduction by John Cotton Dana. The H. W. Wilson Company, White Plains, New York. \$1.75.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Irene to the Rescue. By May Baldwin. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

"The story of an English girl's fight for the right."

Oliver Hastings, V.C. A Realistic Story of the Great War. By Escott Lynn. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

An English war story for boys.

Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children. By Mabel Powers. The American Book Company, New York. 64c.

One of the best and most interesting of recent books of its kind is this little volume of "Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children." It has not a little of the quality and charm of "Uncle Remus," though there is more dignity and restraint in these Indian stories than in the traditional fantasies of Negro imagination which Mr. Harris recorded. These stories are vouched for by Mr. Arthur C. Parker, who has

The New Books (Continued)

helped Miss Powers to secure true Iroquois illustrations, and by the chiefs of the Senecas, Onondagas, Tuscaroras, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Mohawks. The author has told her stories simply, directly, and effectively.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

American Dramatist (The). By Montrose J. Moses. Second Edition, Revised. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.75.

Aristodemocracy. From the Great War Back to Moses, Christ, and Plato. An Essay. By Sir Charles Waldstein. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$3.50.

English Essayists. A Reader's Handbook. By William Hawley Davis. Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.50.

Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit; Euphues and His England. By John Lyly. Edited by Morris W. Croll and Harry Clemens. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.25.

How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers. A Revised Manual of Florithology for Beginners. Verses and Illustrations by Robert Williams Wood. New edition. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.

Inductive Study of Standards of Right (An). By Matthew Hale Wilson. Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.50.

Man versus the State (The). A Collection of Essays by Herbert Spencer. Edited by Truxton Beale. With Comments by William Howard Taft, Charles W. Eliot, Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge, David Jayne Hill, Nicholas Murray Butler, E. H. Gary, Harlan F. Stone, Augustus P. Gardner. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. \$2.

Margin of Happiness (The): Reward of Thrift. By Thetta Quay Franks. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Mental Adjustments. By Frederic Lyman Wells. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Music and Bad Manners. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$1.50.

SCIENCE

Garden Flowers of Summer. By Ellen Eddy Shaw. (Pocket Garden Library. Edited by Leonard Barron. Vol. II.) Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

How to Make the Garden Pay. By Edward Morrison and Charles Thomas Brues. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 75c.

A very useful book for these times.

Livable House (The): Its Garden. By Ruth Dean. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Beautifully illustrated by photographs and fascinating in its application of landscape-gardening ideas around the house.

1000 Hints on Flowers and Birds. By Mae Savell Croy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

1000 Hints on Vegetable Gardening. By Mae Savell Croy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

1000 Things a Mother Should Know. With Reference to Tiny Babies and Growing Children. By Mae Savell Croy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

Studies in Insect Life, and Other Essays. By Arthur Everett Shipley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

Wayside Flowers of Summer (The). By Harriet L. Keeler. Illustrated by Mary Keffer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.35.

MISCELLANEOUS

Domestic Architecture. By L. Eugene Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

Domestic Service. By An Old Servant. With a Preface by Mrs. George Wemyss. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.

How to Choose the Right Vocation. By Holmes W. Merton. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.

New International Year Book (The). Compendium of the World's Progress for 1916. Frank Moore Colby, Editor. Allen Leon Churchill and William Dunn Conklin, Associate Editors. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$6.

A distinguishing feature of the latest addition to this excellent series of reference books is the remarkable treatment given to the Presidential election of last year.



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A man on a train, a few weeks ago, told a friend why he lunched on Puffed Wheat. And we think that thousands of men will endorse his view.

He said, "It saves me a dull hour or two. The brain doesn't work well when the stomach is taxed.

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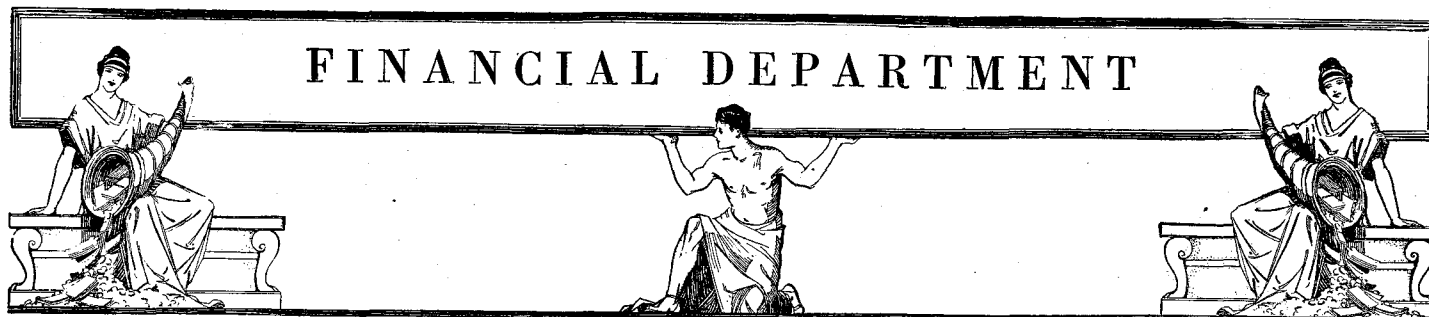
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These are the premier breakfast delights—puffed to eight times normal size. Serve with cream and sugar or mixed with fruit.

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Keep plenty on hand, and all three kinds, for there are no other foods like these.

(1635)



All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

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WANTED: PARTNERS, NOT MONEY-LENDERS

THE question of "Finding New Railway Capital" was discussed in The Outlook for July 25. It was stated that, if traffic continued to increase in volume at the rate of the past few years, there would have to be found in the next fifteen years twelve thousand million dollars of new railway capital, an average of \$800,000,000 a year. It will be recalled that Mr. James J. Hill, several years before his death, estimated that a billion dollars a year ought to be put into railway construction to provide for the transportation needs of the country.

New capital in the volume estimated by Mr. Hill as necessary has not been found. In fact, it has been difficult to provide half a billion a year. As Judge Harlan, of the Commerce Commission, stated in his minority opinion in the recent Fifteen Per Cent Rate Case, the building of new railways has virtually ceased. Since the St. Paul built to the Pacific coast no important new mileage has been projected. The odds and ends of minor additions barely total a thousand miles a year.

The experience of the St. Paul is typical of recent railway finance. To construct the Puget Sound extension there was provided \$260,000,000. Before this venture was undertaken the St. Paul was distributing to its shareholders 7 per cent. During the building of the new line a very large amount of capital was necessarily idle and unproductive, and the burden of paying interest on this capital had to be carried by the other lines of the St. Paul. A reduction of the dividend from 7 to 5 per cent was the result, but the shareholders were confident that this loss would be made up when the new line opened. How has this courageous venture been rewarded? Has the dividend been restored? Quite the contrary. The Puget Sound line has developed a very large traffic and is performing a vast public service, but the profits have contracted instead of expanding, and the directors, at their last meeting, were compelled to reduce the dividend to 4 per cent.

The reduction of the St. Paul dividend to this low rate, at a time when manufacturing and trading companies are making exceptionally large profits, and when the strongest European governments are offering very much higher rates for money, means that for some years to come there is little likelihood that the St. Paul will be able to finance its new capital requirements by the sale of stock. But even though it does not build a new mile of road, it will have to find new capital continuously for the improvement of its existing plant. A railway that is not growing is dying. For new capital in excess of what it can save from earnings it will be obliged to borrow on mortgage, thus increasing its debt and fixed charges.

This is the financial problem that in more or less acute form confronts nearly every American railway. The margin of profit is small; the tendency in recent years has been in the direction of a vanishing margin; the outlook for the future is uncertain. Under these circumstances capital is repelled from rather than attracted by the railways. Investors in search of attractive securities are willing to *loan* their funds to railways when the interest is a charge ahead of any dividends to shareholders; but they are not willing to become partners in the business by *buying* the shares. There is a market for mortgage bonds and short-time notes, at a price, but there is practically no market for new stock.

It is a menacing situation when we are faced with the necessity of finding hundreds of millions of new railway capital each year, but are unable to obtain this capital otherwise than by the piling up of mortgage upon mortgage. The merchant, manufacturer, or farmer who attempts to meet his need for more capital by chronic borrowing from the banks or by the offer of new mortgages on his property soon comes to the end of his rope. The experience of railways is not different. Nearly all the railway bankruptcies of the past few years resulted from a piling up of bonded debt out of all proportion to the capital stock.

The weakness of a company with a relatively large bonded debt, as compared with a company that has largely financed itself by the sale of stock, is readily seen. If a \$10,000,000 company issues \$8,000,000 of stock and \$2,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds, the annual interest charge is only \$100,000, or one per cent on the total capital. The solvency of this company is not threatened until the net income is reduced to 1 per cent. Contrast this with a company with the same total capital, but with only \$2,000,000 of stock and with \$8,000,000 of debt. Interest at 5 per cent on the bonds absorbs \$400,000 of the earnings—four times as much as in the case of the first company. This interest charge is 4 per cent on the total capital, which means that earnings must be kept above this level to save the company from bankruptcy.

In order that a railway may sell new shares at par; it is obvious that there must be a good market for the old shares well above par. If the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, offered a considerable amount of new stock at par (\$50) when the old stock was selling in the market at \$53, many shareholders would at once take advantage of the opportunity of selling at the market the new stock they were entitled to buy, thus making a profit of \$3 a share on the stock so disposed of. The probable result of this action by shareholders would be to force the market price down from \$53 to a point below par. This would check the sale of the new stock, because no investor would be so foolish as to pay the company \$50 for stock that could be bought for less in the open market.

The railways whose common shares are selling at a price to warrant the belief that they could raise new capital by the sale of stock can almost be counted on the fingers of one's hands. A list of such companies is here presented. Railways whose capital stock is owned by larger systems, as well as companies whose dividends are guaranteed by holding companies, are not included.

EASTERN DISTRICT

Anthracite Roads:	Mileage.
Lackawanna.....	937
Lehigh Valley.....	1,400
Lehigh and Hudson River.....	75
Reading and Jersey Central.....	2,233

Other Eastern Roads:

Norfolk and Western.....	2,072
Pittsburgh and Lake Erie.....	197

SOUTHERN DISTRICT

Atlantic Coast Line, Louisville and Nashville, and Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis.....	10,834
Cincinnati, New Orleans, and T. P.....	336
Richmond, Fred. and Potomac.....	87
Atlanta and West Point.....	90

WESTERN DISTRICT

Burlington.....	9,369
Union Pacific.....	7,934
Total.....	35,564

Omitted from this list are some of the most successful railway properties in the

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Propositions regarding foreign business may be made at our office in Paris or at our main office in New York, and definite terms can thus be arranged more quickly than by cable or mail.

American business concerns and individuals having interests abroad will find it to their convenience and advantage to bank with our Paris office. It will be our effort to be useful in every possible way to American citizens traveling abroad and to those with the armies in France.

A few of the many services we owe to France, together with an abstract covering some of her achievements in industry, commerce, and finance, are set forth in a booklet, "France and America", just issued by this company, which will be sent on request.

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PARIS OFFICE	FIFTH AVE. OFFICE	LONDON OFFICE
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Capital and Surplus	-	\$50,000,000
Resources more than	-	\$600,000,000

TO any subscriber of The Outlook who sends us the names and addresses of a dozen friends who may be interested in The Outlook and who are not now subscribers, we will send in acknowledgment a free copy of "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale. It is especially appropriate at this time. The book is cloth-bound, illustrated, and well worth a place in any library.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY.

Wanted: Partners, Not Money-Lenders (Continued)
country—roads like the New York Central and the Pennsylvania in the East, and the Atchison, the Southern Pacific, and the Hill roads in the West. Their credit is high, and they can borrow all the money they need; but it is unlikely that any one of them, in spite of their excellent dividend records, could now raise any considerable amount of capital by the offer of new stock. The New York Central recently was obliged to withdraw an offer of \$25,000,000 of new stock, because the market price of the shares fell below par while the shareholders were considering the offer. The Pennsylvania financed its current capital requirements by the sale of bonds.

It would be a distortion of the truth to say that the present plight of the carriers is due entirely to their inadequate and declining revenues. Even railways paying dividends of 6 and 7 per cent find they have no market for new stock. It is plain that the difficulty of financing the railways has been aggravated by the war, with its trail of unprecedented Government buying and financing. The competition for capital is so keen that even the prospect of 7 per cent does not necessarily command money for corporations or governments.

But, no matter what the causes of the present plight of the carriers, the fact that they cannot obtain new railway capital, imperatively needed by the Nation, by the sale of their stock, is a menace to National growth.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I would like to get your advice on how to handle my little nest-egg. In my present position I am saving a little over \$300 a month. I would like to invest \$250 a month at a fair rate of interest, with ample protection.

A. We suggest that you read the article in this department in the issue of July 11, "The Spirit of National Service." That will indicate to you the fundamentals of wise investment at this time. The first principle for you to follow is not to put all your eggs in one basket—and the first basket should be the Liberty Loan. A thrifty investor like yourself ought to consider it his privilege and his duty to give Government loans preference in putting his savings at work. What proportion of your monthly savings should be used to buy Liberty bonds is for you to determine, but we suggest that out of your \$250 not less than \$100 could well be devoted to financing the war. The Liberty Loan is the one investment that you will never regret making, no matter what happens.

The remainder of your savings can be used to buy high-class railway bonds and industrial preferred shares, together with prime mortgages on agricultural production. The more diversified your investment, the better. Through the New York Stock Exchange it is now possible to purchase the best securities by partial payments. A \$1,000 bond, for example, may be bought for \$100 cash and \$50 a month. A \$100 preferred stock may be bought for \$30 cash and \$5 a month.

If you will write to some of the well-known investment houses and state your requirements, you will be able to lay out an investment plan for a number of months, and we shall be glad to check over your list before you make your final determination.

MOTOR SHARES

Q. I would greatly appreciate your opinion of the common stock of the Doble-Detroit Motor

Questions and Answers (Continued)

Company as an investment. Also the Maibohm Motors Company.

Q. Is the Nash Motors Company 7 per cent preferred stock a safe investment? The company's plant is at Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Q. Will you kindly give your opinion as to the stock of the Harroan Motors Corporation?

A. These and other inquiries of similar character raise the question as to the desirability of investment in automobile shares. Ever since Henry Ford showed the possibilities of large-scale production of low-priced cars the investment markets have been flooded with all sorts of motor shares, good, bad, and indifferent. Such is the inevitable result of any great business success. But where there is one Henry Ford there are hundreds of imitators destined to fail. It is to be noted that only in rare cases has the general investment public had opportunity to share in the large profits of the successful motor ventures. The course of the industry has been strewn with the wrecks of unsuccessful flotations, and the losses of the speculative public have been very large. The course of an automobile boom is no different from that of a mining boom, or an oil boom, or a rubber boom. A few make large profits, but the great majority of investors lose.

At this time the investment of funds in motor shares ought not to be undertaken without the most careful scrutiny. Those companies that are devoting themselves entirely to the production of pleasure cars are not unlikely to run into rough weather. If we send a million or two million of our young men to France, if we restrict the use of gasoline in order that our supplies may be conserved for National defense, if we conscript the incomes of the well-to-do and the profits of manufacturers, what is to become of the market for pleasure cars and the profits of the many companies now making them?

We believe there are many better and safer channels for the investment of savings than in the automobile business at the present time. We do not intend to convey the impression that all motor shares should be shunned by small investors. Those manufacturers who can put their automobile factories at work making things needed for the National defense—motor trucks, airplane motors, ambulances, and the like—will fare better than their rivals who have less foresight. Some of the well-established factories are now working night and day on Government orders.

THE UNATTAINABLE INVESTMENT

Q. Having purchased a Liberty bond and twenty shares of Pennsylvania Railroad at \$53, I now desire to invest \$500 in a stock which will give a good dividend return for the next three or four years, a stock which could be converted into cash at any time without loss, or in case I should hold it three years, would advance so I could sell it to advantage.

A. To the best of our knowledge, there is no such investment anywhere in the world, and there never has been. The market prices of even the soundest investments are bound to fluctuate in the course of three or four years—especially the uncertain three or four years just ahead of us—responding to the varying demands for capital for peace and war, and to the rates for money. A stock paying 6 per cent dividends may be selling at \$100 to-day and \$80 in the near future. Interest rates are advancing as the world continues to destroy billions of capital in war. Prices of securities are responsive to money rates. The most gilt-edged security in America—the Liberty Loan—



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Big bond buyers who provide the usual buying impetus which absorbs the best bond issues are not purchasing as usual nowadays because of uncertainty regarding war income tax and the rate of interest of future U. S. Government loans.

Why the present situation comprises an unusual opportunity for small bond buyers is explained in our new circular—"War Tax Opportunities."

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Questions and Answers (Continued)

could conceivably sell much below its issue price if the war lasts for several years more and many more billions of Government debts are piled upon those already accumulated. While there is no such investment to be found as you desire, this should not prevent you from making a wise use of your savings. May we suggest that you select an investment with regard to the safety of dividends or interest, and lay aside any thought of escaping the risk of a depreciation in the principal? Many seasoned securities are now being offered in the market at prices far below those quoted before the war.

Free Booklets for Investors

Many of the investment bankers publish booklets and literature for the information of prospective investors. The following is a list of booklets which may be obtained by writing to the investment houses issuing them, mentioning *The Outlook*, or by writing direct to the Financial Editor of *The Outlook*:

"Is Interest Return an Index of Safety?" also monthly booklet "Bond Topics"—O-315. A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York.

Farm Mortgages—List No. 58. A. G. Danforth & Co., Washington, Ill.

Information and literature concerning Dairy Farm Mortgages. Markham & May Company, 1226 First National Bank Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Booklet—"France and America." Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York.

"War Tax Opportunities"—Circular J-48. John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.

Current Bond List Z-62. The National City Company, The National City Bank Building, New York.

First Mortgage Bonds—Circular No. 997-Z. Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

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BY THE WAY

The Colonial had gone to make his daily visit to his friend in the hospital, says the "Scottish American," but this time arrived too late. All was over. He felt that he must seek consolation. Walking down the street, he read a card on a door, "—, Medium," and entered the little room. "I want to hear some news of a pal o' mine," he said to the spiritualist. "Ah, yes," was the sympathetic reply. A few moments later the medium was speaking in dreamy accents: "I am in touch with the person you wanted. He says he is very happy, and has met Napoleon, Mark Twain, Henry the Eighth, Mary Queen of Scots, and Beethoven." The Colonial gasped. "Gee!" he said. "Jake always was a hustler. He only died an hour ago."

The man who asks questions of school-children sometimes gets unexpected and disconcerting answers. A school inspector, an exchange says, asked, somewhat pompously: "Now, my little man, what do five and one make?" No answer. Inspector: "Suppose I gave you five dogs and then another dog, how many dogs would you have?" Small Boy (confidently): "Seven." Inspector: "Tut, tut! How would you have seven?" Small Boy: "Course I would. I got a dog o' my own at home."

An American aviator in France says, referring to his first meal in barracks: "We had a very excellent supper of soup, followed by a savory roast of meat, with mashed potatoes and lentils. Afterward, cheese and beer. I was slightly disconcerted physically on learning that the beef was horse-meat, but — convinced me that it was absurd to let old scruples militate against a healthy appetite. Furthermore, the roast was of so delicious a flavor and so closely resembled the finest cuts of beef that it was easy to persuade one's self that it was beef, after all." So much for French cooking.

The vexed historical question as to the brand of General Grant's whisky (alluded to by President Lincoln when he said he would like to find out what it was, so as to furnish it to some of the other generals) is brought up again by the publication of Mark Twain's letters in "Harper's Monthly." "The only time General Grant ever mentioned liquor to me," writes Mark Twain, "was about last April, or possibly May [1885, the year Grant died]. He said: 'If I could only build up my strength! The doctors urge whisky and champagne; but I can't take them; I can't abide the taste of any kind of liquor.'" "Had he made a conquest so complete," asks the writer of the letter, "that even the taste of liquor was become an offense?"

If the English soldier, who has been nicknamed "Tommy Atkins," is thus provided with a surname, why are not our "Sammie" and the German "Fritz" equally blessed? asks a correspondent. "Sammie," the friendly appellation given by the French to our soldiers, appears to be an affectionate diminutive of Uncle Sam, who has no surname and needs none; Fritz is an equally affectionate name applied by the Germans to their soldiers or rulers (as "Old Fritz" for Frederick the Great and "Unser Fritz"—our Fritz—for Frederick William), and is merely a familiar national name generalized and given to a class or an individual. "Tommy Atkins" is perhaps in the same class with

By the Way (Continued)

"John Doe" and "Richard Roe"—a familiar name that has been fastened on a group—perhaps, as a dictionary of nicknames suggests, through its use in making out blanks for military accounts.

On a stretch of desert road in the Southwest a warning sign reads: "Do Not Attempt this Route Without Ample Supplies of Water, Gasoline, and Oil." None of these necessities to the motorist can be obtained for a distance of forty miles. A sign on one of the roads leading into the Yosemite Valley reads: "Dangerous Road! Examine your Brakes! Do It Now!" Automobile clubs that put up such signs are public benefactors.

Between Cannes and Nice is the town of Cagnes. This place, says Mr. H. A. Gibbons, offers the American visitor a challenge as to his ability to pronounce French. The cab-driver profits by his inability, for "you bargain for the long trip to Cannes, and are attracted by the reasonable price quoted. In a very short time you are at Cagnes. Impossible to rectify your mispronunciation without a substantial increase of the original sum of the bargain." Another writer says that French soldiers good-naturedly tried to "stump" some visiting Americans by asking them to pronounce the word *heureux*, but the Americans had the laugh on the Frenchmen when they asked them to say "My father is withered with age," for as the Frenchmen pronounced the sentence it sounded more like "My fazzer is wizzered wiz age."

A medical journal publishes in its humorous column the following specimens of reporting from the non-medical press: "Anton Schleifer left last Monday for Rochester, where he is in consultation with physicians regarding his death" (Owatonna, Minn., Press). "Travelers from over across the plains bring the news of a fatal death at Knowles last Tuesday. One of the daughters of F. E. Isaac, age thirteen years, had a horse to fall on her" (Roswell, N. M., Star). "G. G. Helfert is suffering from a complication of ills the chief of which is inflammatory rheumatism. Leakage of the heart and a rupture of jugular vein are conditions that add to the seriousness of his case" (Julietta, Idaho, Independent).

Harvard University, through its School for Health Officers, is to award a Research Fellowship in plumbing as related to sanitation. The "Nelson Prizes in Plumbing" have just been awarded—the first prize, \$100, to T. J. Claffy, of the Health Department of Chicago, for a paper entitled "Plumbing;" the second prize, \$50, to J. W. Anderson, a student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for a paper on "Pipes Used in the Disposal of Rain Water;" and the third prize, \$50, to W. G. Ward, of North Dakota Agricultural College, for a paper on sanitary plumbing. The significant thing about these announcements is the indication they afford of the interest that is being taken by universities in educating men for practical pursuits that are of vital importance to the public welfare.

Pitcairn Island, according to a correspondent of the New York "Times," has recently received its first regular mail delivery from the United States. In addition, the lonely islanders received \$2,500 worth of presents, including a church organ, dresses for the women, and a suit of clothes for each man.

[Advertisement]

How I Sold My Property

The Story of a Successful System of Finding Cash Buyers for Real Estate

THIS is a short tale about a quick sale. It tells of a modern method of selling property without paying big commissions to agents.

It tells how this system sold my property—quickly, and for cash—and how it can do the same for you.

It gives information of immense value to every man and woman who has real estate for sale.

Through a business deal I became the owner of a residence property in an adjoining State.

The place was so run down that it would have required \$500 or \$600 to make the house habitable.

As the property was so located that I could not live on it, and, being unoccupied, brought me no income, I was, of course, anxious to dispose of it as quickly as possible.

Never having tried to sell any real estate, and knowing no better method to pursue, I placed the property in the hands of a local real estate agent.

This agent, following out the usual methods of the average small-town real estate man, put a "For Sale" sign on the property and then sat down and waited for some one to come along and inquire about it.

After several months had elapsed without any word from the agent, I wrote and inquired as to the prospects of a sale. He replied that he had been unable to do anything with the property and had come to the conclusion that it was impossible to sell it in its present run-down condition, and advised me to spend \$500 in repairs.

Not having any money to spend on the place, and having lost all faith in the agent's ability to find a buyer, I decided that if anything was done I would have to do it myself.

Fortunately for me, about that time, I learned of "The Simplex Plans for Selling Real Estate" that had just been brought out by a New York publishing house. These I secured, and much to my delight, I found they contained *seven definite plans* for advertising and selling just such a property as mine.

Selecting from these seven selling plans the one that seemed best suited to my requirements, I immediately put it into operation with the following gratifying results:

Within three days I had eighteen people interested in my property, and within two weeks I made a satisfactory sale, having received three cash offers and two offers of exchange.

And, what is of the utmost importance, the cost of advertising and selling my property by the Simplex System was *less than \$15*, whereas if I had followed the agent's advice I would have been compelled to spend \$500 in repairs, and pay him \$125 commission when he made the sale.

That my experience is not unusual is evidenced by what others say who have availed themselves of this method of selling. Here are some extracts from recent letters:

"Sold my property for cash within ten days. Gladly recommend your methods."—*Wm. H. Cartland, Wakefield, Mass.*

"Your method sold my farm in a short time and for cash, too."—*Mrs. L. A. Childs, Glenwood, Minn.*

"Sold my fruit farm at a satisfactory price in a very short time. Much pleased with your method."—*E. R. Lindsey, Vanceburg, Ky.*

"Sold my property for cash. Think you plan the quickest I ever saw."—*Johnson String, Waterford, N. J.*

"Your plans sold my property when every other method failed. Found a buyer in a remarkably short time."—*Jno. O. Brown, Alexandria, Pa.*

Every reader of this publication with any real estate to sell should get the Simplex Selling Plans at once. They are complete, simple and practical, and are for the express purpose of selling homes, farms and building lots located anywhere in the United States and priced at not more than \$15,000.

The Plans are contained in 8 pocket-size booklets, in a special library case, and they are so plain and easy to follow that anyone who can read and write English can use them.

The best evidence of the efficiency of this system of selling real estate is the fact that through its use more than 5,000 properties in the 48 States have already been sold. In fact this method is so successful that the publishers now issue with each set of Plans a **GUARANTEE SALE CERTIFICATE** that provides for the return of your money should the Plans fail to sell your property within 90 days.

If you will write to the publishers at once, you can share in their special, reduced-price, free-examination offer.

Send no money. Just fill in and mail the coupon and a complete set of these copyrighted Plans will be sent to you by parcel post, prepaid, with convincing evidence of what they have done for others, and what they can do for you.

In this way you take no risk, as you may examine the Plans in your own home without cost or obligation. Then if you want to keep and use them, send the publishers \$5 in full payment for them. If you do not wish to keep them—if you are not convinced that they are just what you need to make a quick, cash sale of your property—simply return them and you will owe the publishers nothing.

As the publishers reserve the right to withdraw this special, free-examination offer at any time, better cut out, fill in and mail the coupon right now to **SIMPLEX SERVICE COMPANY, Dept D, 1123 Broadway, New York**, or, if you prefer, copy the coupon on a post card or in a letter. **W. E. B.**

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You may send me, postage prepaid, a complete set of the **SIMPLEX PLANS FOR SELLING REAL ESTATE**, in 8 pocket-size booklets in library container, together with your **GUARANTEE SALE CERTIFICATE**. After receiving them I am to have three days in which to examine them, at the end of which time I will either remit them to you or send you \$5 in full payment for same. I agree not to show them to any one, except members of my own family, unless I keep them.

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